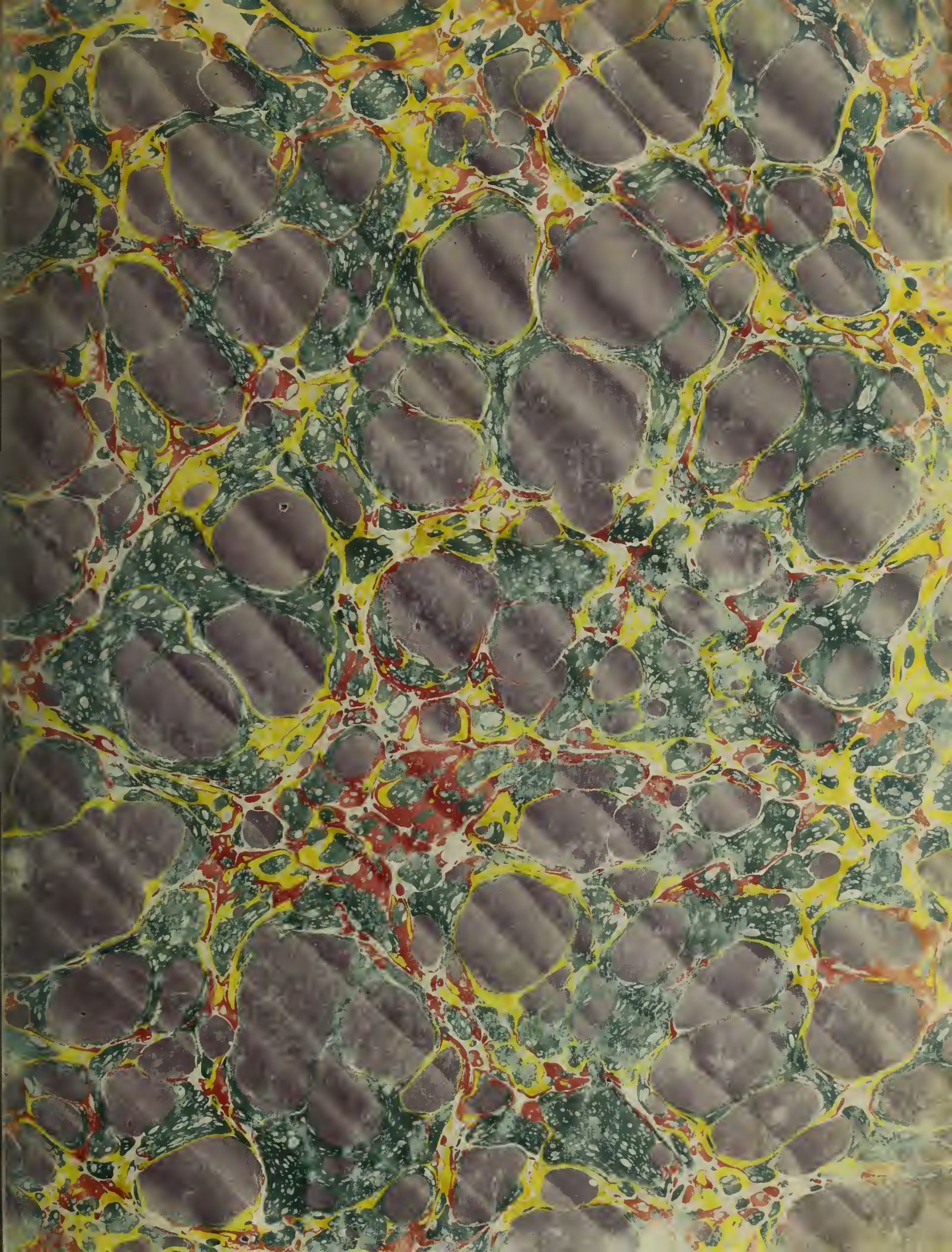
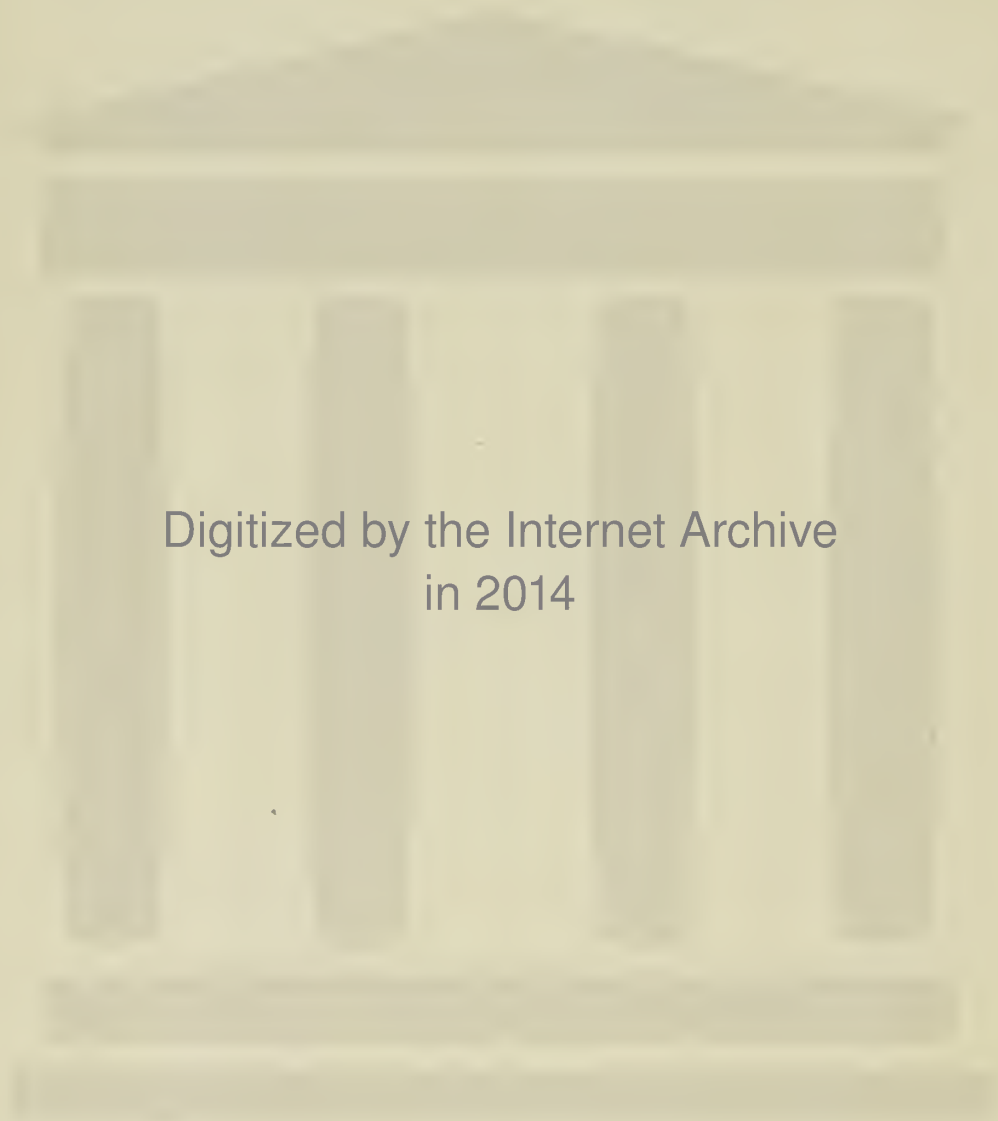
Harry Buttel Harris





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PLAYS *contain'd in this Volume.*

The Merchant of *Venice.*

Love's Labour's Loſt.

As you like it.

The Taming of the Shrew.

All's well that ends well.

Twelfth Night, or what you will.

The Winter's Tale.

THE

MERCHANT

OF

VENICE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Morochius, *a* Mooriſh *Prince*, } *Suiters to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.
Salanio, }
Solarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew.
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *an old Man, Father to* Launcelot.

Portia, *an Heireſs of great Quality and Fortune.*
Neriſſa, *Confident to* Portia.
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Servants to* Portia, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE *partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

THE

THE MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.

N ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn---
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know my ſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean.
There where your † Argoſies with portly ſail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the [a] petty traffickers
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes [b] aboard. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know were ſits the wind,

Prying

† Argoſie, *a Ship, from* Argo. [a] *pretty.* [b] *abroad.*

Prying in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtrait of dang'rous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's ſay you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay you're merry,

Becauſe

Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Baſſanio*, your moſt noble kinſman;
Gratiano and *Lorenzo:* fare ye well;
We leave you now with better company.
Sola. I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage where every man muſt play his part,
And mine a ſad one.

Gra.

Gra. Let me play the fool
With mirth and laughter; let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in *Alabaſter?*
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilful ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt † damm thoſe ears,
Which hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholly bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this Opinion.
Come good *Lorenzo*, fare ye well a while,
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra.

† *daunt.*

Gra. Thanks i' faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible. [*Exit.*

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice:* his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well; tell me now what lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: to you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in mony, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
T'unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; by ventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,

Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus' Portia:*
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſutors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont*, *Cholchos* ſtrond,
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival-place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch † thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,

Nor

† thrift, *for* thriving.

Nor have I mony, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*:
Go preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where mony is, and I no queſtion make
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Belmont.

Three Caskets are ſet out, one of gold, another of ſilver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. BY my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for ought I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no ſmall happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches, and poor mens cottages Princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to skip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this [c] reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe

[c] *reaſon.*

me a husband: O me, the word chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike, ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations; therefore the lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and lead (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one whom you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou nam'ſt them I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription level at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelf: I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then there is the Count *Palatine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who ſhould ſay, if you will not have me, chuſe: he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the *French* Lord, Monſieur *Le Boun!*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man; in truth I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; but he! why he hath a horſe better than the *Neapolitan*'s, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*, he is every man in no man; if a [d] throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow; if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands. If he would

[d] *taſſel.*

would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhould never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England?*

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you may come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the *Engliſh*. He is a proper man's picture, but alas who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? how odly he is ſuited! I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the [c] *Scottiſh* lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Engliſh-man*, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *French-man* became his ſurety, and ſealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt; and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right casket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for fear of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deep glaſs of *Rheniſh* wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit,

[c] *other.*

ſuit, unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaſte as *Diana*, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiſs of *Mountferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I think, he was ſo called.

Ner. True, madam; he of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his maſter will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come *Neriſſa*. Sirrah go before; while we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice.

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. THREE thouſand ducats? well.

Baſſ. Ay Sir, for three months.

Shy.

Shy. For three months? well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound? well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures he hath ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailers but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pyrates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is notwithſtanding ſufficient; three thouſand ducats? I think I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd I may; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me; may I ſpeak with *Anthonio*?

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into? I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto*; who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Anthonio*.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks!

I hate him, for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out mony *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation, and he rails
Ev'n there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls Intereſt. Curſed be my tribe
If I forgive him.

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior, [*To* Anth.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend
I'll break a cuſtom.----Is he yet poſſeſt
How much he would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo;
Well then your bond: and let me ſee, but hear you,
Methought you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban*'s ſheep,

This

This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.
Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?
Shy. No, not take int'reſt, not as you would ſay
Directly int'reſt; mark what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd
That all the [f] yeanlings which were ſtreak'd and pied
Should fall as *Jacob*'s hire; the ewes being rank,
In th'end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful ſhepherd [g] peel'd me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob's*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.
Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his pow'r to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of heav'n.
Was this inſerted to make int'reſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, Signior.
Anth. Mark you this, *Baſſanio?*
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a godly outſide falſhood hath!
Shy. Three thouſand ducats! 'tis a good round ſum.

[f] *ewelings.* [g] *pil'd.*

Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
Anth. Well, *Shylock*, ſhall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug,
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies; you ſay ſo,
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold: mony is your ſuit,
What ſhould I ſay to you? ſhould I not ſay,
Hath a dog mony? is it poſſible
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this: fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt *Wedneſday*,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe curteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.
Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendſhip take
A [h] breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty. *Shy.*

[h] breed of metal, *meaning mony at uſury*, mony that breeds more ---- *The old editions (two of 'em) have it*, A bribe of barren metal---

Shy. Why how you ſtorm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow;
Go with me to a Notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merry ſport
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum or ſums as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it ſhall pleaſe me.

Anth Content, in faith, I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſs in the *Jew.*

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.

Anth. Why fear not man, I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abraham*, what theſe chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard dealings teach them to ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable or profitable,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:

If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.
Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtrait,
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and preſently
I'll be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*.
The *Hebrew* will turn chriſtian, he grows kind.
Baſſ. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont.

Enter Morochius *a Tawny-Moor all in white, and three or four Followers accordingly, with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her train. Flo. Cornets.*

MOROCHIUS.

MISLIKE me not for my complection,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where *Phœbus'* fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine

Hath

Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love I ſwear,
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing.
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield my ſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Your ſelf, renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
Therefore I pray you lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy and a *Perſian* Prince,
That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,

Or ſwear before you chuſe, if you chuſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not; therefore bring me to my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Venice.

Enter Launcelot *alone.*

Laun. CErtainly my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this *Jew* my maſter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo*, *Launcelot Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away. My conſcience ſays no; take heed honeſt *Launcelot*, take heed honeſt *Gobbo*, or as aforeſaid, honeſt *Launcelot Gobbo*, do not run, ſcorn running with thy heels. Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids me pack, *via* ſays the fiend, away ſays the fiend, for the heav'ns rouſe up a brave mind, ſays the fiend, and run. Well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me, my honeſt friend *Launcelot*, being an honeſt man's ſon, or rather an honeſt woman's ſon----- for indeed my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to; he had a kind of taſte.------ well, my conſcience ſays, budge not; budge, ſays the fiend; budge not, ſays my conſcience; conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend, ſay I, you counſel ill. To be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the *Jew* my maſter, who, God bleſs the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the *Jew* I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſaving your reverence is

 the

the devil himſelf. Certainly the *Jew* is the very devil incarnal; and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the *Jew*. The fiend gives the more friendly counſel; I will run, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo *with a basket.*

Gob. Maſter young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. O heav'ns, this is my true begotten father, who being more than ſand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not; I will try confuſions with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to maſter *Jew*'s?

Laun. Turn up, on your right-hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jew*'s houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit; can you tell me whether one *Launcelot* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?* (mark me now, now will I raiſe the waters;) talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. No maſter, Sir, but a poor man's ſon. His father, though I ſay't, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and God be thanked well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter *Launcelot.*

Gob. Your worſhip's friend and *Launcelot*, Sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talk you of young maſter *Launcelot?*

Gob. Of *Launcelot*, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. Ergo maſter *Launcelot*, talk not of maſter *Launcelot* father,

ther, for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is indeed deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to heav'n.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff or a prop? do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you tell me, is my boy, God reſt his ſoul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack Sir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon, give me your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you Sir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s man, and I am ſure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeed. I'll be ſworn if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art mine own fleſh and blood: lord worſhip'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Phil-horſe has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then that *Dobbin*'s tail grows backward, I am ſure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd! how doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very *Jew*: give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeed gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him father, for I am a *Jew* if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with a follower or two.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: ſee theſe letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew*'s man, that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a deſire as my father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves that I would beſtow upon your worſhip, and my ſuit is-----

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to my ſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit;
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich *Jew*'s ſervice to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go father with thy ſon,
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father in, I cannot get a ſervice, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune; go too, here's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmall trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing, eleven widows and nine maids is a ſimple coming in for one man! and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed, here are ſimple 'ſcapes! well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this geer. Father come, I'll take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling of an eye. [*Ex.* Laun. *and* Gob.

Baſſ. I pray thee, good *Leonardo*, think on this;
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

Enter

SCENE III.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your maſter?
Leon. Yonder, Sir, he walks.
Gra. Signior *Baſſanio.*
Baſſ. Gratiano.
Gra. I have a ſuit to you.
Baſſ. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont.*
Baſſ. Why then you muſt: but hear thee, *Gratiano,*
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they ſhew
Something too liberal; pray thee take pain
T'allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy skipping ſpirit, leſt through thy wild behaviour
I be miſconſtru'd in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.
Gra. Signior *Baſſanio,* hear me.
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then;
Wear prayer-books in my pockets, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay Amen;
Uſe all th'obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his grandam; never truſt me more.
Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: but fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenzo* and the reſt:
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jeſſica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I'M ſorry thou wilt leave my father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry devil
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs;
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee.
And *Launcelot*, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt;
Give him this letter, do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel: I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue, moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew*! if a chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adieu, theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit: adieu. [*Exit.*
Jeſ. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. NAY, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time, diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke as yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered;
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us. Friend *Launcelot*, what's the news?

Enter Launcelot *with a letter.*

Laun. And it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old maſter the *Jew* to ſup to-night with my new maſter the chriſtian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jeſſica*
I will not fail her, ſpeak it privately.
Go gentlemen, will you prepare for this mask to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.

Sal. Ay marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.

Sola. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meet me and *Gratiano*
At *Gratiano*'s lodging ſome hour hence.

Sal.

Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. [*Exit.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jeſſica?*

Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe,
What gold and jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with,
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew.*
Come go with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. WELL, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio.*
What *Jeſſica!* thou ſhalt not gormandize
As thou haſt done with me---- what *Jeſſica!*
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out.
Why *Jeſſica,* I ſay.

Laun. Why *Jeſſica!*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, *Jeſſica,*
There are my keys: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal chriſtian. *Jeſſica*, my girl,
Look to my houſe, I am right loth to go,
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of mony-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you Sir go, my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a mask, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a-clock i'th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What are theſe masks? hear you me, *Jeſſica*,
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Jacob*'s ſtaff I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go; go you before me, ſirrah:
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Miſtreſs, look out at a window for all this,
There will come a chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jeweſs'* eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of *Hagar*'s off-ſpring? ha.

Jeſ. His words were farewel miſtreſs, nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, but he ſleeps by day

More

More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe. Well, *Jeſſica*, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Shut the doors after you, faſt bind, faſt find,
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in maſquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe under which *Lorenzo* deſired us to make a ſtand.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus'* pidgeons fly
To [a] ſeal loves bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th'unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind?
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return
With [b] over-weather'd ribs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind?

Enter

[a] *ſteal.* [b] *over-wither'd.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*: more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew*. Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above in boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy love.

Jeſ. *Lorenzo* certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Jeſ. Here, catch this caſket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves good-ſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once ----
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,

And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild my ſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtrait.

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew.*

Lor. Beſhrew me but I love her heartily,
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd her ſelf;
And therefore like her ſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Re-enter Jeſſica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us ſtay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. Fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a-clock, our friends all ſtay for you;
No mask to-night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard,
† I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

BELMONT.

Enter Portia *with* Morocchius *and both their trains.*

Por. GO, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſev'ral caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are diſcover'd.*

Mor. The firſt of gold, which this inſcription bears,
Who chuſeth me ſhall gain what many men deſire.

The

† *not in the old edition.*

The ſecond ſilver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chuſe the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince,
If you chuſe that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment: let me ſee,
I will ſurvey th'inſcriptions back again;
What ſays this leaden casket?
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:
Muſt give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead.
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs,
I'll then not give nor hazard ought for lead?
What ſays the ſilver with her virgin hue?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves? pauſe there, *Morocchius*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of my ſelf.
As much as I deſerve?----- why that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why that's the lady; all the world deſires her:

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
Th' *Hircanian* deſerts and the vaſtie wilds
Of wide *Arabia* are as thorough-fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia.*
The wat'ry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits, but they come
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair *Portia.*
One of theſe three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'twere damnation
To think ſo baſe a thought: it were too groſs
To rib her ſearcloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought, never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold! they have in *England*
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuſe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye there
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whoſe empty eye there is a ſcrowl:
I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:

Had

Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd,
Fare you well, your ſuit is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loſt:
Then farewel heat, and welcome froſt:
Portia adieu, I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains, go;
Let all of his complexion chuſe me ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

VENICE.

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. WHY man, I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſail,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along,
And in their ſhip I'm ſure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio*'s ſhip.
Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the Duke was giv'n to underſtand
That in a *Gondalo* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jeſſica:*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sola. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter!
Fled with a chriſtian? O my chriſtian ducats!

Juſtice,

Juſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtoln from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two ſtones, rich and precious ſtones,
Stoln by my daughter! juſtice! find the girl;
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence that it were not his.

Sola. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the *Jew*'s bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible

He

He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.

Sola. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.

Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

BELMONT.

Enter Neriſſa *with a ſervant.*

Ner. QUICK, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait,
The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train*, Portia. *Flor. Cornets. The Caskets are diſcover'd.*

Por. Behold there ſtand the caskets, noble Prince,
If you chuſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t' obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I choſe; next if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Laſt, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me, fortune now
To my heart's hope; gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.

You

You ſhall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha let me ſee;
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire----that may be meant
Of the full multitude that chuſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pryes not to th'interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou ſilver treaſure-houſe:
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear?
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? well, but to my choice:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert; give me a key for this,
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

[*Unlocking the ſilver caſket.*

Ar.

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it:
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes and my deſervings?
Who chuſeth me ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire ſev'n times tried this,
Sev'n times tried that judgment is
That did never chuſe amiſs.
Some there be that ſhadows kiſs,
Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and ſo was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone Sir, you are ſped.

Ar. Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adieu, I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth:
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chuſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy,
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Neriſſa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here, what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To ſignify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love.
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more I pray thee; I am half afraid
Thou'lt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, *Neriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. *Baſſanio* lord, Love! if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

VENICE.

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto?*

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow ſeas; the *Goodwins*, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip lye bury'd, as they ſay, if my [a] goſſip *Report* be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger, or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio* ------O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou? why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, leſt the devil croſs my prayer; for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I for my part knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

[a] *goſſip's report.*

Sola. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complection of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at theſe [b] years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh: but tell us, do you hear whether *Anthonio* have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the *Ryalto*, a beggar that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me uſurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend mony for a chriſtian courteſie; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why I am ſure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal. If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer as a chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by

[b] *times.*

by chriſtian example? why Revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall go hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a ſervant from Anthonio.

Ser. Gentlemen, my maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tuball.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn *Jew.* [*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy. How now, *Tuball,* what news from *Genoua?* haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in *Frankfort!* the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; O would ſhe were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why, ſo! and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: why then loſs upon loſs; the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders, no ſighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio,* as I heard in *Genoua*----

Shy. What, what, ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming from *Tripolis.*

Shy. I thank God, thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcap'd the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball;* good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua?*

Tub.

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou tortureſt me, *Tuball*; it was my *Turquoiſe*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true; go, fee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good *Tuball*; at our ſynagogue, *Tuball*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

BELMONT.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and attendants. The Caskets are ſet out.*

Por. I Pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; forbear a while.
There's ſomething tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you; and you know your ſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,

And

And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn;
So will I never be, ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half
Mine own, I would ſay: but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours. Alas! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And ſo tho' yours, not yours; prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to peece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, *Baſſanio?* then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love?

Baſſ. None but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay but I fear you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs and live.

Baſſ. Confeſs and love
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!

But

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then. I am lockt in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa and the reſt ſtand all aloof,
Let muſick ſound while he doth make his choice;
Then if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick. That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſs preſence but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit. Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live; with much, much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray. [*Muſick within.*

A Song whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the caskets to himſelf.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lyes:

Let

Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves:
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with Ornament.
In law what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? in religion
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſsneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
Who inward ſearcht, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The skull that bred them, in the ſepulcher.
Thus Ornament is but the gilded ſhore
To a moſt dang'rous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on

T' entrap the wiſeſt. Then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt than doſt promiſe ought;
Thy paleneſs moves me more than eloquence,
And here chuſe I, joy be the conſequence.

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſie.
O love be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſie;
In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I feel too much thy bleſſing; make it leſs
For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden caſk.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? what Demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar'd breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have pow'r to ſteal both his,
And leave it ſelf [c] unfiniſh'd: yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underpriſing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true:

Since

[c] *unfurniſh'd.*

Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl; fair lady, by your leave, [*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So (thrice fair lady) ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee, my lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho' for my ſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelf,
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich, that to ſtand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of nothing, which to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelf to yours to be directed,

As from her lord, her governor, her King:
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. I but now was Lady
Of this fair manſion, miſtreſs of my ſervants,
Queen o'er my ſelf; and even now, but now
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame my ſelf
Are yours my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins;
And there is ſuch confuſion in my pow'rs,
As after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where every ſomething being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O then be bold to ſay, *Baſſanio*'s dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good joy, good joy, my lord and lady.

Gra. My lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:

You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd; I lov'd for intermiſſion.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the casket there,
And ſo did mine too as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing 'till my very roof was dry,
With oaths of love at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, *Neriſſa?*

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No, we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio?*

SCENE III.

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salanio.

Baſſ. Lorenzo and *Salanio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have pow'r to bid you welcome. By your leave
I bid my very friends and country-men,
(Sweet *Portia*) welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord; they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour: for my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,

But

But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my lord,
And I have reaſon for't; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind:
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

Baſſanio *opens the letter.*

Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yond ſtranger. Bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal merchant, good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek:
Some dear friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia!*
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;

And then I told you true; and yet dear lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For indeed
I have engag'd my ſelf to a dear friend;
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper is the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India?*
And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Beſides it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent mony to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port have all perſuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tuball* and to *Chus* his country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum

That

That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*?
Por. What ſum owes he the *Jew*?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my *Baſſanio*'s fault.
Firſt go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid *Neriſſa* and my ſelf mean time
Will live as maids and widows: come away,
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day. *
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. reads. *SWeet* Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and ſince in paying it it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but*

* —— your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear, *&c.*

but ſee you at my death; notwithſtanding uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! diſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twaine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

VENICE.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the* Goaler.

Shy. GOALER, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out mony *gratis*.
Goaler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.
Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond:
I've ſworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou hadſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee hear me ſpeak.
Shy. I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more;
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit* Shylock.
Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable cur

That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs pray'rs:
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore go,
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

BELMONT.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and a ſervant of* Portia's.

Lor. MADAM, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God-like amity, which appears ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,

Than

Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think that this *Anthonio*,
Being the boſom-lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf;
Therefore no more of it: here other things,
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to deny this impoſition,
The which my love and ſome neceſſity
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jeſſica*
In place of lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelf.
So fare you well 'till we ſhall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.
Jeſ. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, *Jeſſica.* [*Exe.* Jeſ. & Lor.
Now, *Balthazar*,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to *Mantua*; ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, doctor *Bellario*,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice:* waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.
Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, *Neriſſa*, I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they ſee us?
Por. They ſhall, *Neriſſa*; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
' And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
' With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
' Into a manly ſtride, and ſpeak of frays
' Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
' How honourable ladies ſought my love,
' Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd,
' I could not do with all: then I'll repent,

' And

'And wiſh for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
'And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
'That men ſhall ſwear I've diſcontinued ſchool
'Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly I think you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard-hope neither.

Jeſ. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s daughter.

Jeſ. That were a kind of baſtard-hope indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you ſhun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charibdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my husband; he hath made me a chriſtian.

Laun. Truly the more to blame he; we were chriſtians enough before,

before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jeſ. I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay: here he comes.

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jeſ. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the common-wealth; for in converting *Jews* to chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much that the *Moor* ſhould be more than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrats. Go in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not ſo, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
' The fool hath planted in his memory
' An army of good words; and I do know
' A many fools that ſtand in better place,
' Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
' Defie the matter: how far'ſt thou, *Jeſſica?*
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet
The lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life.
For having ſuch a Bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not [a] merit it,
[b] In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Jeſ. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: firſt let us go to dinner.

Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a ſtomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it.

Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *mean it, it* [b] *Is reaſon*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VENICE.

Enter the Duke, *the Senators*, Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano.

DUKE.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?

Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I'm ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſs of ſpirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange

Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes
That have of late ſo hudled on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſie.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *Jew*.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll not anſwer that.
But ſay it is my humour, is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it bane'd? what, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,

Why he a harmleſs neceſſary cat,
Why he a woollen bag-pipe, but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended?
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at firſt.
Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you think you queſtion with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height.
[a] You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb?
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His *Jewiſh* heart. Therefore I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.
Shy. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,

I

[a] *You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,*
The ewe bleat for the lamb, you may as well, &c.

I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes and your dogs and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands: you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law,
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice:*
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from *Padua.*

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſengers.

Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio*; what man, courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

SCENE II.

Enter Neriſſa *dreſs'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario?*
Ner. From both: my lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoul! but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew*,
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And whil'ſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To careleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor in our court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him?
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go,

Go, give him courteous conduct to this place:
Mean time the court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s letter.

YOUR Grace ſhall underſtand, that at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, *his name is* Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in controſie between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation: For I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryal ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario?*
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew?*
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylock?*
Shy. *Shylock* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anthonio.

Ant.

Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
' *Por.* The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
' It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
' Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd,
' It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
' 'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
' The throned monarch better than his crown:
' His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
' The attribute to awe and majeſty,
' Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings;
' But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
' It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
' It is an attribute to God himſelf;
' And earthly pow'r doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
' When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the mony?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be, there is no pow'r in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the ſame example
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.

Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel.*
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy mony offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice.*

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy mony, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.

Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.

Shy. Ay his breaſt,
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.

Por. It is ſo. Are there ſcales to weigh the fleſh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.

Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhews her ſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;

Say

Say how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. Anthonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life it ſelf;
But life it ſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all, ay ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife whom I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome pow'r to change this curriſh *Jew*.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian husbands. I've a daughter,
Would any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather than a chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
We trifle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful judge!
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Moſt learned judge! a ſentence: come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh.

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But in the cutting it if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of *Venice* confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice.*

Gra. O upright judge! mark *Jew*, O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

Gra. O learned judge! mark *Jew*, a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.

Baſſ. Here is the mony.

Por. The *Jew* ſhall have all juſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty,

Gra. O *Jew!* an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſs nor more
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſs than a juſt pound, be't but ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion, of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew.*
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the *Jew* pauſe? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;

He

He ſhall have meerly juſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel!*
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, *Jew.*
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it;
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, *Jew*,
The law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive
Shall ſeize on half his goods, the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lyes in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainſt all other voice:
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtand'ſt.
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thy ſelf;
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.
Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;

The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay for the ſtate, not for *Anthonio.*
Shy. Nay take my life and all, pardon not that.
You take my houſe when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio?*
Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing elſe for God's ſake.
Ant. So pleaſe my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, *Jew?* what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* Shylock.
Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por.

Por. I humbly do deſire your Grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I preſently ſet forth.
Duke. I'm ſorry that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him. [*Ex.* Duke *and his train.*

SCENE III.

Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thouſand ducats due unto the *Jew*
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And ſtand indebted over and above
In love and ſervice to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well ſatisfy'd,
And I deliv'ring you am ſatisfy'd,
And therein do account my ſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.
Baſſ. Dear Sir, of force I muſt attempt you further.
Take ſome remembrance of us for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things; I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake,
And for your love I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more,
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.
Baſſ. This ring, good Sir, alas it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame my ſelf to give you this.

Por.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this,
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Baſſ. There's more than this depends upon the value.
The deareſt ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me firſt to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife;
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.
Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. My lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings and my love withal
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.
Baſſ. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou can'ſt
Unto *Anthonio*'s houſe: away, make haſte. [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither preſently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:

My

My lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my Youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my husband's ring, [*To* Por.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'ſt I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them and out-ſwear them too:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe? [*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

BELMONT.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

LORENZO.

THE moon ſhines bright: In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night
Troylus methinks mounted the *Trojan* wall
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſeid* lay that night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew,

And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to *Carthage.*
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the inchanted herbs
That did renew old *Æſon.*
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew,*
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice,*
As far as *Belmont.*
Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica* (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jeſ. I would out-night you did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Meſſenger.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend.
Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Meſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont:* ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes, where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?

Meſ.

Meſ. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in I pray thee, *Jeſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola; wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola.

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola, did you ſee maſter *Lorenzo* and miſtreſs *Lorenza*? ſola, ſola.

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola, where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news. My maſter will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, ſignifie, I pray you,
Within the houſe your miſtreſs is at hand,
And bring your muſick forth into the air.
' How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank;
' Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
' Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtilneſs, and the night
' Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
' Sit, *Jeſſica*; look how the floor of heav'n
' Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
' There's not the ſmalleſt orb which thou behold'ſt,
' But in his motion like an angel ſings,
' Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
' Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;

' But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
' Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.
Come ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn,
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick.
Jeſ. I'm never merry when I hear ſweet muſick.

Muſick.

' *Lor.* The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
' For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
' Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
' Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
' (Which is the hot condition of their blood)
' If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
' Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
' You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
' Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze
' By the ſweet power of muſick. Thus the Poet
' Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
' Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
' But muſick for the time doth change his nature.
' The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
' And is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
' Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
' The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
' And his affections dark as *Erebus*:
' Let no ſuch man be truſted---Mark the muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon ſhone we did not ſee the candle.

Por.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs;
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
Until a King be by; and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick, hark! [*Muſick.*

Ner. It is the muſick, madam, of your houſe.

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect:
Methinks it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence beſtows the virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe and true perfection?
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd!

Muſick ceaſes.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia.*

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands healths,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their coming.

Por. Go *Neriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take

No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jeſſica* nor you.

A tucket ſounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo from me;
But God ſort all: you're welcome home, my lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him;
For as I hear he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.
Gra. By yonder moon I ſwear you do me wrong;
In faith I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, hoe, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſie was

For

For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poeſie or the value?
You ſwore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thy ſelf, the Judge's clerk,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift,
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear I loſt the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord *Baſſanio* gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed

Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, be begg'd mine,
And neither man nor maſter would take ought
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours 'till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

Baſſ. No, by mine honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,

Which

Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Ev'n he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you,
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lye not a night from home; watch me like *Argus*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well adviſ'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of theſe many friends,

I ſwear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelf-----
Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf,
In each eye one; ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit!
Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband's ring [*To* Por.
Had quite miſcarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.
Baſſ. By heav'n it is the ſame I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Baſſanio*;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lye with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speak not ſo groſly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario:*
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the doctor,
Neriſſa there her clerk. *Lorenzo* here,
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,

And

And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enterd my houſe. *Anthonio*, you are welcome,
And I have better news in ſtore for you
Than you expect; unſeal this letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Baſſ. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Baſſ. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo?*
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I'm ſure you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there on interrogatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: the firſt interrogatory

That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed, now being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
'Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s ring. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Love's Labour's Loſt.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.

Biron,
Longaville, } *three Lords attending upon the King in his retirement.*
Dumain,

Boyet,
Macard, } *Lords attending upon the Princeſs of* France.

Don Adriana de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to Don* Adriana de Armado.

Princeſs of France.

Roſaline,
Maria, } *Ladies attending on the Princeſs.*
Catherine,

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers and others Attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

LOVE's LABOUR's *Loſt.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville *and* Dumain.

KING.

ET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs; *
When ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of his preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors, for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force;
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world,
Our court ſhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumain* and *Longaville*,
Have ſworn for three years term to live with me,
My fellow-ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſchedule here.

Your

*——— brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of &c.

Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three year's faſt:
The mind ſhall banquet, tho' the body pine;
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd:
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much (dear liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three years:
But there are other ſtrict obſervances;
As not to ſee a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three Hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, nor ſleep.

King. Your oath is paſt to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay no, my liege, and if you pleaſe;

I only ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years ſpace.
Long. You ſwore to that, *Biron*, and to the reſt.
Biron. By yea and nay Sir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know?
King. Why that to know which elſe we ſhould not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common ſenſe.
King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.
Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus; to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to faſt expreſly am forbid;
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or having ſworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be this, and this be ſo,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay no.
King. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why all delights are vain, but that moſt vain
Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As painfully to pore upon a book.
To ſeek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſly blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſawcy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhime.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious †ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Biron. Well, ſay I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At *Chriſtmas* I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in *May*'s new-fangled ſhows:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe t'unlock the little gate.

King. Well ſit you out. Go home, *Biron*: Adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord, I've ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay,

Yet

† *ſneaping. checking.*

Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the penance of each three years day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame,
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!

Biron. Item, That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court. [*reading.*
Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.
On pain of loſing her tongue! [*reading.*
Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty;
A dangerous law againſt gentility.

Item, [*reading.*] If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.

Biron. This article, my liege, your ſelf muſt break;
For well you know here comes in embaſſy
The *French* king's daughter, with your ſelf to ſpeak,
A maid of grace and compleat majeſty,
About ſurrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princeſs hither.

King. What ſay you, lords? why this was quite forgot.

Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt of force diſpence with this decree,
She muſt lye here on mere neceſſity.
Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three year's ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born:
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on meer neceſſity.
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me;
But I believe although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay that there is; our court you know is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world's new faſhions planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One whom the muſick of his own vain tongue,
Doth raviſh like inchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spain* loſt in the world's debate,
How you delight my lords, I know not, I;
But I proteſt I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſie.
Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own Knight.

Long.

Long. *Coſtard* the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And ſo to ſtudy, three years are but ſhort.

SCENE II.

Enter Dull *and* Coſtard *with a letter.*

Dull. Which is the Duke's own perſon?

Biron. This fellow; what wouldſt?

Dull. I my ſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heav'n; God grant us patience.

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well Sir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form, following, Sir, all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Manor-houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which put together, is in manner and form following. Now Sir, for the manner: It is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman; for the form, in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King. GReat *deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole do-*
reads. *minator of* Navarre, *my ſoul's earth's God, and bo-*
dy's foſtring patron------

Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

King. *So it is* ----

Coſt. It may be ſo; but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true; but ſo.

King. Peace-----

Coſt. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words.

Coſt. Of other men's ſecrets I beſeech you.

King. *So it is. Beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook my ſelf to walk: The time when? about the ſixth hour, when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is call'd ſupper: ſo much for the time when. Now for the ground which: which I mean I walkt upon; it is yclèped, thy park. Then for the place where, where I mean I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place where, It ſtandeth north north eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden. There did I ſee that low ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minow of thy mirth,* (*Coſt.* Me?) *that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,* (*Coſt.* Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſal,* (*Coſt.* Still me?) *which as I re-*

member

member, hight Coſtard, (*Coſt.* O me!) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon: which with----- O with----- but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Coſt. With a wench.

King. *With a child of our grandmother* Eve, *a female; or for thy more underſtanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever eſteem'd duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment by thy ſweet grace's officer,* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing and eſtimation.*

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

King. *For* Jaquenetta *(ſo is the weaker veſſel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain, I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice bring her to tryal. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,* Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay the beſt for the worſt. But ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, Sir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; you ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd o'er,
And go we lords to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn. [*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the ſour cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and until then, ſit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Armado's *Houſe.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. BOY, what ſign is it when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy.

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no, O lord Sir, no.

Arm. How canſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile?*

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why tough Signior? why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender *Juvenile?* why tender *Juvenile?*

Arm.

Arm. I ſpoke it tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay thou art quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Moth. I am anſwer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be croſt.

Moth. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to ſtudy three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gameſter.

Arm. I confeſs both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Moth. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth.

Moth. Why Sir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? now here's three ſtudied ere you'll thrice wink; and how eaſie it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing-horſe will tell you.

Arm. A moſt fine figure.

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs I am in love; and as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo am I in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner, and ranſom him to any *French* courtier for a new devis'd curt'ſie. I think it ſcorn to ſigh, methinks I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet *Hercules!* More authority, dear boy, name more; and ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong-jointed *Sampſon*; I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampſon*'s love, my dear *Moth!*

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complection?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complection?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complections?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a

love

love of that colour, methinks *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, Sir, for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, maſter, are mask'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, moſt pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown;
Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.
A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the beggar?

Moth. The world was guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince, but I think now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind *Coſtard*; ſhe deſerves well-----

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter.

Arm. Sing boy, my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay ſing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company be paſt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Coſtard, Dull, Jaquenetta *and Maid.*

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he muſt faſt three days a week. For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park, ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Arm. I do betray my ſelf with bluſhing: maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewel.

Maid. Fair weather after you. Come *Jaquenetta*, away.

[*Exeunt.*

Arm. Villain thou ſhalt faſt for thy offence ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well Sir, I hope when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſh'd.

Coſt. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, ſhut him up.

Moth. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Coſt.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, Sir, I will be faſt being looſe.

Moth. No, Sir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee-----

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay nothing, maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Ex.* Moth *with* Coſtard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhoe (which is baſer) guided by her foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, which is a great argument of falſhood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid*'s but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules*' club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard*'s rapier; the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn; the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu valour, ruſt rapier, be ſtill drum, for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal God of rhime, for I am ſure I ſhall turn ſonnet. Deviſe wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Ex.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's *palace.*

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Catherine, Boyet, *Lords and other attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits.
Conſider whom the King your father ſends;
To whom he ſends, and what's his embaſſy.
Your ſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem,
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre*; the plea of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,

No

No woman may approach his ſilent court;
Therefore to us ſeems it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt moving fair ſollicitor.
Tell him the daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſutors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

Lord. *Longaville* is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam, at a marriage feaſt,
Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longaville*,
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould ſpare none that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord belike, is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Cath.

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanzon*'s once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſs.

Roſa. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him: but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet.*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addreſt to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,

Like

Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes *Navarre.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair Princeeſs, welcome to the court of *Navarre.*

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear Lady, I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord, he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break its will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath ſworn out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my Lord;
And ſin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold:
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me ſtay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Roſ. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron.

Biron. I know you did.
Roſ. How needleſs was it then to ask the queſtion?
Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſ. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſ. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time a day?
Roſa. The hour that fools ſhould ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask.
Roſa. Fair fall the face it covers.
Biron. And ſend you many lovers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Biron. Nay then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth:
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty:
But that it ſeems he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns, and not [a] demands
One payment of an hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the mony by our father lent,

Than

[a] *remembers*

Than *Aquitain* ſo gelded as it is.
Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to *France* again.
Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.
King. I do proteſt I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain.*
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of *Charles* his father.
King. Satisfie me ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.
King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto:
Mean time receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my gates,
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem your ſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' ſo deny'd [b] fair harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel;
To-morrow we ſhall viſit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires comfort your Grace.
King. Thy own wiſh, wiſh I thee, in every place. [*Exit.*

[b] *farther*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
Roſa. I pray you do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.
Biron. I would you heard it groan.* [*Exit.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that ſame?
Boyet. The heir of *Alanſon*, *Roſaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant lady; Monſieur fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in white?*
Boyet. She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*. *
Long. She is a moſt ſweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike Sir, that may be.* [*Exit* Long.

If

*——heard it groan.
Roſa. Is the † fool ſick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Roſa. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Roſa. My phyſick ſays ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye.
Roſa. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Biron. Now God ſave thy life.
Roſa. And yours from long living.
Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*
Dum. Sir, *&c.*

*——ſhe in white?
Boyet. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for her ſelf; to deſire that were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you Sir, whoſe daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's bleſſing on your beard.
Boyet. Good Sir be not offended.
She is an, *&c.*

*——*Faulconbridge.*
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is, *&c.*

*——that may be.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. *Katherine* by good hap.
Biron. Is ſhe wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or ſo.
Biron. You are welcome Sir: adieu.
Boyet. Farewel to me Sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit* Biron.

Mar.

† *foul.*

If my obſervation (which very ſeldom lyes,
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected. *
Roſa. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Mar. That laſt is *Biron*, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.
Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep (ſweet lamb) unleſs we feed on your lips.
Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.
Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but gentles agree.
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.
Boyet. If my, *&c.*

*——is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon?
Boyet. Why all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart like an agat with your print impreſſed;
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be:
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireſt of fair;
Methought all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in chryſtal for ſome Prince to buy;
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were glaſt,
Did point out to buy them, along as you paſt.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.
Prin. Come to our pavilion, *Boyet* is diſpos'd.
Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words which his eye hath diſclos'd;
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Roſa. Thou art, *&c.*

Mar. He is *Cupid*'s grandfather, and learns news of him.

Roſa. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Roſa. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

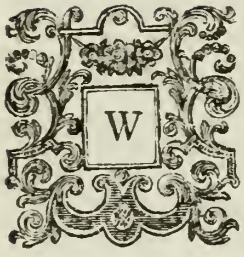
The PARK.

† † †

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

SONG.

ARMADO.



ARBLE child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel.-----

Arm. Sweet air; go tenderneſs of years; take this key, give inlargement to the ſwain; bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?

Arm. How mean'ſt thou, brawling in *French?*

Moth. No my compleat maſter, but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometimes through the throat: if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging, love ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling

love, with your hat penthouſe-like o'er the ſhop of your eyes, with your arms croſt on your thinbelly doublet, (like a rabbet on a ſpit) or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Arm. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of obſervation.

Arm. But O, but O-----

Moth. The hobby-horſe is forgot.

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love hobby-horſe?

Moth. No maſter, the hobby-hoſe is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live. (And this) *by*, *in*, and *out of:* upon the inſtant: *by* heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her; *in* heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiz'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs.

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry Sir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow gated: but I go.

Arm.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and ſlow?

Moth. Minimè honeſt maſter, or rather maſter no.

Arm. I ſay lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoak of rhetorick?
He reputes me a cannon, and the bullet that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace;
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

SCENE II.

Enter Moth *and* Coſtard. *

Arm.

* —— *and* Coſtard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle, come, thy *l'envoy* begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or ſalve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen, the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a ſalve?

Moth. Do the wiſe think them other, is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No page, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain,
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; ſay the moral again.

Armad. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Moth.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof impoſe on thee nothing but this; bear this ſignificant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*; there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.----- [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel I. Signior *Coſtard* adieu. [*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh, my in-cony *Jew:* now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the latin word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration: What's the price of this incle? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration: why? it carries its remuneration: why? it is a fairer name than a French-crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; would you deſire more?
Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain; a gooſe, that's flat;
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt and looſe.
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*, I that's a fat gooſe.
Arm Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?
Moth. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for a *l'envoy*.
Coſt. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.
Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?
Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.
Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.
Arm. Sirrah, *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.
Coſt. O marry me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe in this.
Arm. By my ſweet ſoul I mean ſetting thee at liberty. Enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.
Coſt. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.
Arm. I give, *&c.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip, God be with you.

Biron. O ſtay ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon.
Hark ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the park:
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her; ask for her,
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Coſt. Guerdon, O ſweet guerdon, better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon. I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I forſooth in love,

I that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh:
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind wayward boy,
This Signior *Junio*, giant dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,
Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed Soveraign of ſighs and groans:
Leige of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces.
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting parators (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife,
A woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right.
Nay to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to love the worſt of all,
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes,
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go too: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, might.
Well I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue and groan:
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome *Joan*. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catherine, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King that ſpur'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?
Boyet. I know not, but I think it was not he.
Prin. Who e'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well lords, to-day we ſhall have our diſpatch,
On *Saturday* we will return to *France.*
Then Foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder coppice,
A ſtand where you may make the faireſt ſhoot. *

Enter

*——the faireſt ſhoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay no;
O ſhort-liv'd pride! not fair? alack for wo!
For. Yes madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſie in fair, fit for theſe days,
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill.

Thus

Enter Coſtard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.*

Coſt. I have a letter from Monſieur *Biron*, to one lady *Roſaline.*

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.
Stand aſide, good bearer. *Boyet*, you can carve,
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta.*

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet *reads.*

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true that thou art beauteous; truth it ſelf that thou art lovely; more

Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot,
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe than purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes,
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes,
When for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſoveraignty
Only for praiſe ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues her lord.

Enter Coſtard.

*——common-wealth.

Coſt. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt and the talleſt? it is ſo, truth is truth.
An your waſte, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe maids girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Coſt. I have, *&c.*

fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth it ſelf; have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly ſay, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, ſaw and overcame; he came one, ſaw two, overcame three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What ſaw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The concluſion is victory; on whoſe ſide? the King's; the captive is inrich'd: on whoſe ſide? the beggar's. The cataſtrophe is a nuptial: on whoſe ſide? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thy ſelf? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
'Gainſt thee thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey?
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poor ſoul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter? What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court,
A phantaſme, a monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you, my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Coſt. From my lord *Berown*, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of *France* that he call'd *Roſaline.*

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come lords away.
Here ſweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day. * [*Exe.*

SCENE

* — another day.

Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Roſa. Why ſhe that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns, but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Roſa. If we chuſe by horns, your ſelf; come not near.
Finely put on indeed.

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelf is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Roſa. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. I cannot, cannot, cannot.
And I cannot, another can. [*Exit* Roſa.

Coſt. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark, O mark but that mark! a mark, ſays my lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o'th' bow hand, i'faith your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your lips grow foul.

Coſt.

SCENE II.

[*Shoot within.*]

Enter Dull, Holofernes, *and* Nathaniel.

Nath. VERY reverent ſport truly, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *ſanguis* in blood, ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cœlo* the ſky, the welkin, the heav'n, and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly maſter *Holofernes*, the epithets are ſweetly varied like a ſcholar at the leaſt: but, Sir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation; yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*, as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid the deer was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look?

Nath.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.
Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl.
Coſt. By my ſoul a ſwain, a moſt ſimple clown.
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down.
O' my troth moſt ſweet jeſts, moſt incony vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armado o'th' one ſide, O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan.
To ſee him kiſs his hand, and how moſt ſweetly he will ſwear:
And his page o' t'other ſide, that handful of wit,
Ah heav'ns! it is a moſt pathetical nit.
Sowla, ſowla!

SCENE II. [*Exeunt.*

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not repleniſhed. He is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts; and ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be; which we taſte, and feeling, are for thoſe parts that do fructifie in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;
So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cain*'s birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictinna good-man *Dull*, *Dictinna* good-man *Dull.*

Dull. What is *Dictinna?*

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon.*

Hol. The moon was a month old when *Adam* was no more.
And rought not to five weeks when he came to fiveſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed, the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I ſay beſide that 'twas a pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer, and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge good maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The praiſeful Princeſs pierc'd and prick'd
A pretty pleaſing pricket.
Some ſay a ſore, but not a ſore,
'Till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The dogs did yell, put L to ſore,
Then ſorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket-ſore, or elſe ſorel,
The people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore,
Makes fifty ſores, O ſorel!
Of one ſore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſh'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion; but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter parſon.*
Good maſter parſon be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from Don *Armatho*. I beſeech you read it.

Nath. *Fauſte precor gelida quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ ruminat*, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not. *ut re ſol la mi fa.*

Hol. Under pardon Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* ſays in his: What! my ſoul! verſes!

Nath. Ay Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege Domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Though to my ſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his biaſs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice,
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

*——— maſter parſon.

Hol. Maſter parſon, *quaſi* perſon. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead, a good cluſter of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter, *&c.*

All ignorant that Soul, that ſees thee without wonder:
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Jove*'s lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful thunder;
Which not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heav'ns praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apoſtrophes*, and ſo miſs the accent. Let me ſuperviſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are only numbers ratify'd, but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ovidius Naſo* was the man. And why indeed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitary is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tir'd horſe his rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay Sir, from one Monſieur *Biron*, one of the ſtrange Queen's lords.

Nath. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous lady* Roſaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing, to the perſon written unto.

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſir'd employment, Biron.

Dull. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King, and here he hath fram'd a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queen's, which accidentally or by the way of progreſſion hath miſcarry'd. Trip and go my ſweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much; ſtay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Coſtard* go with me. Sir, God ſave your life.

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe.* Coſt. *and* Jaq.

Nath.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly: and as a certain father ſaith----

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verſes: did they pleaſe you, Sir *Nathaniel?*

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a grace: I will on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforeſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*, where will I prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit or invention. I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; you ſhall not ſay me nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Biron *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courſing my ſelf. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile, a foul word: well, ſet thee down ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills ſheep, it kills me, I a ſheep. Well prov'd again on my ſide. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven I do love, and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my

rhime, and here my melancholy. Well ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to groan.

[*he ſtands aſide.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, ſweet *Cupid*; thou haſt thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep;
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhew;
But do not love thy ſelf, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*the King ſteps aſide.*

Enter Longaville.

What! *Longaville*! and reading! liſten ear.

Biron. Now in thy likeneſs one more fool appears.

Long.

Long. Ay me, I am forſworn.

Biron. Why he comes in like a perjur'd, wearing papers.

King. In love I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;
Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the three corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up ſimplicity.

Long. I fear theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſs of my love.
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Biron. O rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid*'s hoſe:
Disfigure not his ſhop.

Long. This ſame ſhall go. [*he reads the ſonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſwade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment:
A woman I forſwore, but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee.
My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes fleſh a deity:
A green gooſe a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this! (company?) ſtay.
Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy God, here ſit I in the ſky:
And wretched fools ſecrets headfully o'er-eye:
More ſacks to the mill! O heav'ns I have my wiſh,
Dumain transform'd; four woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt divine *Kate!*
Biron. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*aſide.*
Dum. By heav'n the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth ſhe is not; corporal, there you lie. [*aſide.*
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*aſide.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop I ſay, her ſhoulder is with child. [*aſide.*
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*aſide.*
Dum. O that I had my wiſh!
Long. And I had mine. [*aſide.*
King. And mine too, good Lord. [*aſide.*
Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine. Is not that a good word? [*aſide.*
Dum. I would forget her, but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why then inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers, ſweet miſpriſion. [*aſide.*
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*aſide.*

Dumain *reads his ſonnet.*

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:

Through

Through the velvet leaves, the wind,
All unſeen, can paſſage find,
That the lover ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heav'n's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,
Air, would I might triumph ſo.
But alack my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow alack for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee.
Thou for whom ev'n Jove *would ſwear*
Juno *but an Ethiope were,*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain:
O would the *King*, *Biron* and *Longaville*,
Were lovers too: ill to example ill
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety: [*coming forward.*
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo.

King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is ſuch,
[*coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria? Longaville*
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile.

Nor

Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart?
I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.
Ay me! ſays one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, chryſtal the other's eyes.
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth,
And *Jove* for your love would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me. [*Coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
There is no certain Princeſs that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh; none but minſtrels like of ſonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did ſee:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O what a ſcene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a gnat?

To

To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jygg?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And Critick *Timon* laugh at idle toys.
Where lyes thy grief? O tell me good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breaſt.
A caudle hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in.
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men, like men of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for *Joan?* or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man or a thief, that gallops ſo.

Biron. I poſt from love, good lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King.

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our parſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon, he ſaid.
King. Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?
Jaq. Of *Coſtard.*
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*
King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is *Biron*'s writing, and here is his name.
Biron. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame.
Guilty my lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lackt me fool to make up the meſs.
He, he and you: and you my Liege, and I
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true, we are four:
Will theſe turtles be gone?
King. Hence Sirs, away.
Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay.
Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O let us imbrace:
As true we are as fleſh and blood can be.
The ſea will ebb and flow, heav'n will ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? who ſees the heavenly *Roſaline*, That

That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head, and ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love (her miſtreſs) is a gracious moon,
She (an attending ſtar) ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron.*
O but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd Soveraignty,
Do meet as at a fair in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want it ſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues;
Fie painted rhetorick, O ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale, a ſeller's praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd hermite, fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy,
O 'tis the ſun that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heaven thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O word divine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full ſo black.

King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell;
The hue of dungeons, and the ſchool of night;
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light:
O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt:
It mourns, that painting and uſurping hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelf black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſht away.
King. 'Twere good yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſht to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love, my foot and her face ſee.
Biron. O if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lyes
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat, and good *Biron* now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum.

Dum. Ay marry there, ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Biron. O 'tis more than need.
Have at you then affections. Men at arms,
Conſider what you firſt did ſwear unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman;
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy (Lords)
In that each of you hath forſworn his book.
Can you ſtill dream and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the book, the academies,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire:
Why, univerſal plodding poiſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;
As motion and long during action tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes:
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to our ſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelves we ſee in ladies eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?

O,

O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords,
And in that vow we have forſworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil.
' But love firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
' Lives not alone immured in the brain:
' But with the motion of all elements,
' Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power,
' And gives to every power a double power,
' Above their functions and their offices.
' It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye:
' A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
' A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
' When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
' Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
' Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in taſte;
For valour, is not love a *Hercules?*
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides.*
Subtle as *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair:
And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the Gods,
Make heaven drowſie with the harmony.
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility,

From

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear:
Or keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake (a word that all men love)
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;
Or for mens ſake, the author of theſe women;
Or womens ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find our ſelves;
Or elſe we loſe our ſelves, to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forſworn,
For charity it ſelf fulfills the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint *Cupid* then, and ſoldiers to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell mell, down with them: but be firſt advis'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay theſe gloſſes by,
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of *France?*

King. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. Firſt from the park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs; in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape:
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron.

Biron. Alone, alone ſowed cockrel, reap'd no corn,
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel *and* Dull.

HOLOFERNES.

S*Atis quod ſufficit.*

Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir, your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie: I did converſe this *quondam*-day with a companion of the King's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nat. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe companions, ſuch rackers of orthography, as do ſpeak dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour;

neigh

neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: it inſinuateth me of infamy: *Ne intelligis Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Hol. *Bome boon* for *boon preſcian*; a little ſcratch, 'twill ſerve.

† † † SCENE II.

Enter Armado, Moth *and* Coſtard.

Nath. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirra?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountred.

Hol. Moſt military Sir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtole the ſcraps.

Coſt. O they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art eaſier ſwallow'd than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B ſpelt backward with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou conſonant?

Moth. The laſt of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a e I-----

Moth. The ſheep; the other two concludes it out.

Arm. Now by the ſalt wave of the *Mediteraneum*, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit; ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *unum cita*, a gigg of a cuckold's horn.

Coſt. And I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhould'ſt have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pidgeon-egg of diſcretion. O, and the heav'ns were ſo pleaſed that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? go too, thou haſt it *ad dunghil*, at the finger's ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe latin, *dunghil* for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man *preambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *Mons* the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do *ſans queſtion*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, ſweet, and apt, I do aſſure you Sir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do aſſure ye, my very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it paſs---- I do beſeech thee, remember thy curteſie---

teſie---- I beſeech thee apparel thy head, and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns, and of great import indeed too---- but let that paſs, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my muſtachio; but, ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to *Armado* a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world; but let that paſs---- the very all of all is---- but ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy---- that the King would have me preſent the princeſs (ſweet chuck) with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now underſtanding that the curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies. Sir, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the *poſterior* of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtants at the king's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned gentleman, before the princeſs: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, your ſelf, this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus*, this ſwain (becauſe of his great limb or joint) ſhall paſs *Pompey* the great, and the page *Hercules.*

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device: ſo if any of the audience hiſs,

you may cry; well done, *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the ſnake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies?

Hol. I will play three my ſelf.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beſeech you follow.

Hol. Via good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons, we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

† † † *Enter Princeſs, and Ladies.*

Prin. SWEET hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhime,
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupid*'s name.

Roſa. That was the way to make his god-head wax,
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Kath.

Kath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.
Roſa. You'll ne'er be friends with him, he kill'd your ſiſter.
Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd.
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.
Roſa. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.
Roſa. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You'll marr the light by taking it in ſnuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Roſa. Look what you do, you do it ſtill i'th' dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Roſa. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.
Roſa. Great reaſon; for paſt care is ſtill paſt cure.
Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But *Roſaline*, you have a favour too?
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſa. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great, be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank *Biron*.
The numbers true; and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand [a] fairs.
O he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſa. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Roſa.

[a] *fairies.*

Roſa. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your debter,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O that your face were not ſo full of Oes.
Prin. Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrews:
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From fair *Dumain?*
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent *Longaville*.
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no leſs; doſt thou not wiſh in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?
Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers ſo.
Roſa. They are worſe fools to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th' week,
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhimes,
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts,
So pertaunt like would I o'erſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly in wiſdom hatch'd
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Roſa.

Roſa. The blood of youth burns not in ſuch exceſs,
As gravities revolt to wantonneſs.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

SCENE IV.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am ſtab'd with laughter, where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news, *Boyet?*
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm, incounters mounted are
Againſt your peace, love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to ſaint *Cupid*; what are they
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.
Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour;
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade, I might behold, addreſt
The King and his companions; warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage.
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear;

And

And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an angel ſhalt thou ſee,
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, an angel is not evil;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, paſſions, ſolemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I gueſs.
Their purpoſe is to parley, court and dance,
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.

Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taskt
For, ladies, we will every one be maskt:
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a lady's face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this my ſweet, and give me thine,
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline*.

And change your favours too, ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſa. Come on then, wear the favours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is to croſs theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral councils they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook, and ſo be mockt withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet
With viſages diſplay'd to talk and greet.
Roſa. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?
Prin. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why that [b] contempt will kill the [c] ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. [*Sound.*
Boyet. The trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

††† SCENE V.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *and attendants, diſguis'd like* Muſcovites. Moth *with Muſick, as for a maſquerade.*

Moth. All hail the richeſt beauties on the earth.
Biron. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
Moth. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames that ever turn'd their backs to mortal views. [The ladies turn their backs to him.

[b] *attempt.* [c] *keeper's.*

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views. Out------

Biron. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly ſpirit, vouchſafe not to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes-----
With your ſun-beamed eyes-----

Biron. They will not anſwer to that epithete;
You were beſt call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princeſs?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle viſitation.

Roſa. What would they, ſay they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle viſitation.

Roſa. Why that they have, and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on the graſs.

Boyet. They ſay they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure with you on the graſs.

Roſa. It is not ſo. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

Biron.

Biron. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boyet. She hears her ſelf.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe, bright moon, on theſe thy ſtars to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Roſa. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſts but moon-ſhine in the water.
King. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change;
Thou bid'ſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſick then; nay you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet? no dance? thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus eſtrang'd?
Roſa. You took the moon at full, but now ſhe's chang'd.
King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
Roſa. The muſick plays, vouchſafe ſome motion to it:
Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſa. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then!
Roſa. Only to part friends.
Curt'ſie, ſweet hearts, and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.

King. Prize your ſelves then; what buys your company?
Roſa. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought; and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſa. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then two treys; and if you grow ſo nice,
Methegline, wort, and malmſey; well run, dice:
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet adieu,
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall, bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady.
Mar. Say you ſo? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you;
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reaſon, quickly Sir, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs vizard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady? *Kath.*

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look how you butt your ſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.
Kath. Then die a calf before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you ere I die.
Kath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
Boyet. The tongue of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen,
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe, ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſa. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heav'n all dry beaten with pure ſcoff.
King. Farewell, mad wenches, you have ſimple wits.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muſcovites.*
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puft out.
Roſa. Well-liking wits they have, groſs, groſs, fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout:
Will they not (think you) hang themſelves to-night?
Or ever but in vizards ſhew their faces?
This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſa. O! they were all in lamentable cafes.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.
Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:

No

No point, quoth I; my ſervant ſtrait was mute.
Kath. Lord *Longaville* ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me!
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art.
Roſa. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute caps.
But will you hear; the King is my love ſworn.
Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And *Longaville* was for my ſervice born.
Mar. *Dumain* is mine as ſure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours, and when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.
Boyet. Fair ladies maskt, are roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt, their damask ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roſes blown.
Prin. Avaunt perplexity! what ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?
Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill as well known as diſguis'd,
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd like *Muſcovites* in ſhapeleſs gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vildly pen'd,

And

And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their own habits.*

King. Fair Sir, God ſave you. Where's the Princeſs?

Boyet. Gone to her tent.

Pleaſe it your Majeſty command me any ſervice to her?

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waſſals, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve.*
He can carve too, and liſp: why this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie.
This is the ape of [d] form, Monſieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay he can ſing
A mean moſt [e] mainly, and in uſhering
Mend him who can; the ladies call him ſweet;
The ſtairs as he treads on them kiſs his feet.
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as whale his bone.

And

[d] *fortune* [e] *manly*

And conſciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the [f] due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet.*
King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armado*'s page out of his part.

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Katherine, *and attendants.* *

King. We come to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To lead you to our court, vouchſafe it then.
Prin. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The vertue of your eye muſt break my oath.
Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For virtue's office never breaks mens troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo my lord, it is not ſo I ſwear,
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game.
A meſs of *Ruſſians* left us but of late.
King. How, madam? *Ruſſians?*
Prin. Ay in truth, my lord;

Trim

* —— *attendants.*
Biron. See where it comes, behaviour what wert thou,
'Till this mad-man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, ſweet madam, and fair time of day.
Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.
King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better if you may.
Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came, *&c.*

[f] *duty.*

Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam, ſpeak true. It is not ſo, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courteſie gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four indeed confronted were with four,
In *Ruſſian* habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh; when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore,
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſa. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye----
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſa. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſa. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?
Roſa. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried, they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highneſs ſad?
Roſa. Help, hold his brows, he'll ſwoon: why look you pale?

Sea-ſick I think, coming from *Muſcovy.*
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, lady, dart thy skill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhime like a blind harper's ſong;
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer flies,
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation.
I do forſwear them, and I here proteſt,
By this white glove (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes:
And to begin, wench, ſo God help me law,
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* crack or flaw.
Roſa. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
I'll leave it by degrees: ſoft, let us ſee,
Write *Lord have mercy on us,* and thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lyes,
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited, you are not free;
For the lord's tokens on you both I ſee.

Prin.

Prin. No, they are free that gave theſe tokens to us.
Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Roſa. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue.
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Roſa. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for your ſelves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, ſweet madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here but even now diſguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.
King. Deſpiſe me when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Roſaline*,
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your ear?
Roſa. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him; the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.

Roſa. By heav'n you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.
King. My faith and this, to th' Princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did ſhe wear:
And lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my dear.
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To diſh it like a *Chriſtmas* comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome *Dick*
That ſmiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our intents before; which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change favours, and then we
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn in will and error.
Much upon this it is. And might not you [*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' [g] ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And ſtand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd,
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Brave manager, hath this career been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtrait. Peace, I have done.

Enter

[g] *ſquare.*

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome pure wit, thou parteſt a fair fray.

Coſt. O lord Sir, they would know
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Coſt. No Sir, but it is very fine;
For every one preſents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

Coſt. Not ſo Sir, under correction Sir, I hope it is not ſo. You cannot beg us Sir, I can aſſure you Sir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice, Sir-----

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove* I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O lord Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O lord Sir, the parties themſelves, the actors Sir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Coſt. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take ſome care.

King. Biron, they will ſhame us; let them not approach.

[*Exit* Coſt.

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord; and 'tis ſome policy To have one ſhow worſe than the King and his company.

King. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Prin.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents;
Their form confounded, makes moſt form in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

SCENE IX.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair ſweet honey monarch; for I proteſt the ſchoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſtical: too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna delaguar*. I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: he preſents *Hector* of *Troy*, the ſwain *Pompey* the Great, the pariſh-curate *Alexander*, *Armado*'s page *Hercules*, the pedant *Judas Machabeus*;
And if theſe four worthies in their firſt ſhew thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There are five in the firſt ſhew.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy.
A bare throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in's vein.

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter

Enter Coſtard *for* Pompey.

Coſt. *I* Pompey *am.*

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Coſt. *I* Pompey *am.*

Boyet. With *Libbard's* head on knee.

Biron. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. *I* Pompey *am,* Pompey *ſurnam'd the Big.*

Dum. The Great.

Coſt. It is great, Sir; Pompey, *ſurnam'd the Great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield,
Did make my foe to ſweat:
And travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay thanks *Pompey,* I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great *Pompey.*

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*
By eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My eſcutcheon plain declares that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays no, you are not; for it ſtands not right.

Biron. Your noſe ſmells no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Prin. The conqueror is diſmaid: proceed, good *Alexander.*

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo *Aliſander.*

Biron.

Biron. *Pompey* the Great.

Coſt. Your ſervant and *Coſtard.*

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away *Aliſander.*

Coſt. O Sir, you have overthrown *Aliſander* the conqueror. [*to* Nath.] You will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this; your lion that holds the poll-ax ſitting on a cloſeſtool, will be given to *Ajax*; he will be then the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak? run away for ſhame, *Aliſander.* There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man, an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour inſooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little o'er-parted: but there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good *Pompey.*

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *canus*;
And when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his *manus:*
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit* Moth.

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. A *Judas.*

Hol. Not *Iſcariot*, Sir,
Judas *I am*, *ycleped* Machabeus.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas.*

Biron. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. The more ſhame for you, *Judas.*

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himſelf.

Hol.

Hol. Begin Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in the ring.

Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæſar*'s faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. *George*'s half cheek in a broch.

Dum. Ay, and in a broch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. Falſe, we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. And thou wert a lion we would do ſo.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an aſs, let him go.
And ſo adieu ſweet *Jude*; nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as* away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monſieur *Judas*, it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited.

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector?*

King. I think *Hector* was not ſo clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector.*

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd in the ſmall.

Biron. This can't be *Hector.*

Dum. He's a God or a painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty,*
Gave Hector *a gift.*

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty,*
Gave Hector *a gift, the heir of* Ilion;
A man ſo breathed, that certain he would fight ye
From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower.

Dum. That mint.

Long. That cullambine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville* rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt *Hector.*

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.

Arm. The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet royalty beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector;* we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector *far ſurmounted* Hannibal.
The party is gone.

Coſt.

Coſt. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'ſt thou?

Coſt. Faith unleſs you play the honeſt *Trojan*, the poor wench is caſt away; ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey!*

Boyet. Renown'd *Pompey!*

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey! Pompey* the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd, more *Ates*, more *Ates*, ſtir them on, ſtir them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole like a northern man; I'll ſlaſh; I'll do't by the ſword: I pray you let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed worthies.

Coſt. I'll do't in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee *Pompey* is uncaſing for the combat: what mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and ſoldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; ſince when, I'll be ſworn he wore none, but a diſh-clout of *Jaquenetta*'s, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

SCENE X.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God ſave you, madam.

Prin. Welcome *Macard*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Mac. I'm ſorry madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father-----

Prin. Dead for my life.

Mac. Even ſo: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies away, the ſcene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath; I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelf like a ſoldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to-night.

King. Madam not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Prin. Prepare I ſay. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom to excuſe or hide
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits;
If over-boldly we have born our ſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;

An

An heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed,
And often at his very looſe decides
That, which long proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd. Since to wail friends loſt
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the [h] ear of grief;
And by theſe badges underſtand the King.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed us, faſhioning our humours
Even to th'oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if in your heav'nly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Thoſe heav'nly eyes that look into theſe faults,

Suggeſted

[h] *cares.*

Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both, fair ladies you;
And even that falſhood, in it ſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies it ſelf, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love,
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſie,
As bumbaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than theſe are our reſpects.
Have we not been (and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion) like a merriment?

Dum. Our letters, madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.

King. Now at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time methinks too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs, and therefore this:
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me;
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;

If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this tryal, and laſt love;
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts;
And by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and till that inſtant ſhut
My woful ſelf up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt;
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye.
Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breaſt.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Roſa. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife, a beard, fair health and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.

Dum. O ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not ſo, my lord; a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.

Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet ſwear not, leſt ye be forſworn again.

Long. What ſays *Maria?*

Mar.

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you, few taller are ſo young.
Biron. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.
Roſa. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
Before I ſaw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of compariſons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You ſhall this twelve-month term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your task ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T'enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.
Roſa. Why that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,

And

And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not; throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jeſt a twelve-month in an hoſpital.

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord, and ſo I take my leave.
[*to the King.*

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not *Jill*; theſe ladies courteſie
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majeſty, vouchſafe me.

Prin. Was not that *Hector?*

Dum. The worthy Knight of *Troy.*

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt eſteem'd greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckow? it ſhould have follow'd in the end of our ſhew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, winter.
This *Ver*, the ſpring: the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The SONG.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail,*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit, to-who;
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

When

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw;*
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who;
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
Are harſh after the ſongs of *Apollo*:
You that way, we this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

As You Like it.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE.
Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and uſurper of his dukedom.*
Amiens, Jaques, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his baniſhment.*
Le Beu, *a courtier attending on* Frederick.
Oliver, *eldeſt ſon to Sir* Rowland de Boys, *who had formerly been a ſervant to the Duke.*
Jaques, Orlando, } *Younger brothers to* Oliver.
Adam, *an old ſervant of Sir* Rowland de Boys, *now following the fortunes of* Orlando.
Dennis, *ſervant to* Oliver.
Charles, *a wreſtler, and ſervant to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.
Touchſtone, *a clown attending on* Celia *and* Roſalind.
Corin, Sylvius, } *ſhepherds.*
A clown, in love with Audrey.
William, *another clown, in love with* Audrey.
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Roſalind, *daughter to the Duke.*
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phœbe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lyes firſt near* Oliver's *houſe, and afterwards partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the foreſt of* Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER's *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this faſhion bequeath'd me by will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well; and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part he keeps me ruſtically at home, or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? his horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me his countenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother,

brother, and, as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

SCENE II.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry Sir, be better employ'd, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O Sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldeſt brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you ſhould ſo know me: the courteſie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli What boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that ſays ſuch a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thy ſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla. I will not 'till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding me from all gentleman-like qualities; the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is ſpent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will. I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice. God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word. [*Exe.* Orlando *and* Adam.

SCENE III.

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in; 'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new court?

Char. There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind*, the Duke's daughter, be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O no; for the Duke's daughter her couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay he is already in the foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they ſay many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha.

Cha. Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my credit, and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt for mine own honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into, in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had my ſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles,* he is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villanous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more; and ſo God keep your worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles.* Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all ſorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein I ſee thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my unkle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy unkle the Duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will, and when

when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee do, to make ſport withal; but love no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be the ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Roſ. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dullneſs of the fool, is the whetſtone of the wits. How now, whither wander you?

Clo.

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn, no more was this Knight ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'ſt?

Clo. One that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Roſ. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenc'd, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great ſhew: here comes Monſieur *Le Beu.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bonjour, Monſieur le Beu,* what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs, you have loſt much ſport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour, Madam? how ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid, that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank-----

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning, and if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man and his three ſons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence.

Roſ. With bills on their necks: Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents.

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's wreſtler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him:

ſo

ſo he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: yonder they lye, the poor old man their father making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the ſport, Monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men grow wiſer every day. It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? ſhall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay here, for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder ſure they are coming: let us now ſtay and ſee it.

SCENE VI.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orlando, Charles, *and attendants.*

Duke. Come on, ſince the youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and couſin; are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth, I

would feign diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by.

Le Beu. Monſieur the challenger, the Princeſs calls for you.

Orla. I attend her with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength. If you ſaw your ſelf with your own eyes, or knew your ſelf with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you for your own ſake to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir, your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our ſuit to the Duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupply'd when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well; pray heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready Sir, but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mockt before; but come your ways.

Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy ſpeed, young man.

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg. [*they wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*ſhout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou, *Charles?*

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege, the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe;
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou hadſt told me of another father. [*Exit Duke.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?
Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland*'s ſon,
His youngeſt ſon, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick.*
Roſ. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all in promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.
Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of ſuits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you? my better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here ſtands up
Is but a quintine, a meer lifeleſs block.
Roſ. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Roſ. Have with you: fare you well. [*Exe.* Roſ. *and* Cel.

Orla. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the ſhorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle
To keep his daughter company, whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle neice,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And on my life his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world than this
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;

From

From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But heav'nly *Roſalind!* [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why couſin, why *Roſalind*; *Cupid* have mercy; not a word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two couſins laid up, when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my father's child. Oh how full of briers is this working-day-world.

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O they take the part of a better wreſtler than my ſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you; you will try in time in deſpight of a fall; but turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Rowland*'s youngeſt ſon?

Roſ. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? by this kind of chaſe I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando.*

Roſ.

Roſ. No faith, hate him not for my ſake.
Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well?

SCENE IX.

Enter Duke with Lords.

Roſ. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.
Cel. With his eyes full of anger.
Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.
Roſ. Me, uncle!
Duke. You, couſin.
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.
Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with my ſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do truſt I am not, then dear uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highneſs.
Duke. Thus do all traitors,
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace it ſelf:
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.
Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.
Roſ. So was I when your Highneſs took his Dukedom,
So was I when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;

Treaſon

Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my father was no traitor:
Then good my Liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Soveraign hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay *Celia*, we but ſtaid her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her; if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee, and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool, ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my Liege,
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool: you neice provide your ſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die. [*Exe.* Duke, &c.

SCENE X.

Cel. O my poor *Roſalind*, where wilt thou go?

Wilt

Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Roſ. I have more cauſe.
Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin,
Pr'ythee be cheerful; know'ſt thou not the Duke
Has baniſh'd me his daughter?
Roſ. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not ſeek to take your [a] charge upon you,
To bear your griefs your ſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou can'ſt, I'll go along with thee.
Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?
Cel. To ſeek my uncle in the foreſt of *Arden*.
Roſ. Alas what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put my ſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmutch my face,
The like do you, ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.
Roſ. Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man;
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,

As

[a] *change.*

As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than *Jove*'s own page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Roſ. But couſin, what if we aſſaid to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court:
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A FOREST.

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like foreſters.*

DUKE *ſenior.*

NOW my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
'Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
'Than that of painted pomp? are not theſe woods
'More free from peril than the envious court?
'Here feel we not the penalty of *Adam*,
'The ſeaſon's difference, as the icie phang,
'And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind,
'Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
'Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
'This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
'That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
'Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
'Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
'Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
'And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
'Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

Being

Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To-day my Lord of *Amiens* and my ſelf
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the Brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed my lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what ſaid *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company: anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,

And never ſtays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greazy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea and of this our life, ſwearing that we
Are meer uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The PALACE *again.*

Enter Duke Frederick *with Lords.*

Duke. CAn it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the royniſh clown, at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Hiſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,

Confeſſes

Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinewy *Charles*;
And ſhe believes, where-ever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this ſuddenly,
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

OLIVER'S *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. WHo's there? [maſter,

Adam. What my young maſter? oh my gentle
Oh my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bonny priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother----(no; no brother, yet the ſon,
Yet not the ſon, I will not call him ſon,
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither *Adam* wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a baſe and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. 'But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
'The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
'Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter nurſe
'When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
'And unregarded age in corners thrown;
'Take that, and he that doth the ravens feed,
'Yea providently caters for the ſparrow,
'Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
'All this I give you, let me be your ſervant;
'Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty,
'For in my youth I never did apply

'Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
'Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
'The means of weakneſs and debility;
'Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
'Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world;
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meede!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion,
And having that, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the having; it is not ſo with thee;
But poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

Adam. Maſter go on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek,
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The FOREST.

Enter Roſalind *in Boys cloaths for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Roſ. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits?

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no croſs if I did bear you, for I think you have no mony in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of *Arden*.

Clo. Ay, now am I in *Arden*, the more fool I, when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone*; look you who comes here, a young man and an old in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo)

How

How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. ‘ Oh thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
‘ If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly
‘ That ever love did make thee run into,
‘ Thou haſt not lov'd;
‘ Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
‘ Wearying thy hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
‘ Thou haſt not lov'd.
‘ Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
‘ Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,
‘ Thou haſt not lov'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!* [*Exit* Sil.

Roſ. Alas poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, wear theſe for my ſake. We that are true lovers run into ſtrange capers; but all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love, mortal in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay I ſhall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food,

I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you clown.

Roſ. Peace fool, he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, Sir.

Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.

Roſ. Peace I ſay; good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this deſart place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh, for her ſake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his coat, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.

I like this place, and willingly could waſte
My time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me; if you like upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet bird's throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholly, Monſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing; come, come, another ſtanzo: call you 'em ſtanzo's?

Ami. What you will, Monſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing. Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe my ſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like th' encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come ſing, and you that will not, hold your tongues----

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

S O N G.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to lye i'th' ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,

Ducdame,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of *Egypt.*

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further; O I die for food! here lye I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewel, kind maſter.

Orla. Why how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy ſelf a little. If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently, and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou lieſt in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſart. Cheerly, good *Adam.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [*A table ſet out.*

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:
Go ſeek him, tell him I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; I met a fool i' th' foreſt,
A motley fool; a miſerable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
'Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath ſent me fortune;
'And then he drew a dial from his poak,
'And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
'Says, very wiſely, it is ten a clock:
'Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
'And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,

'And

'And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit,
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: and why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to pariſh church;
He whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth, very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Seem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanſe

Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaq. What for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting it ſelf;
And all th' emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay the city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays his bravery is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſutes
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech.
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild gooſe flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.
Orla. Nor ſhalt not, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come?
Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?
Orla. You touch'd my vein at firſt, the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture: but forbear, I ſay:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.
Jaq. If you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.
Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orla. Speak you ſo gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been ſavage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are
'That in this deſart inacceſſible,
'Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
'Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
'If ever you have look'd on better days;
'If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;

'If ever ſate at any good man's feaſt;
'If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
'And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh and hide my ſword.

Duke Sen. True is it that we have ſeen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And ſate at good men's feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte 'till you return.

Orla. I thank ye, and be bleſs'd for your good comfort.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play.

Jaq. 'All the world's a ſtage,
'And all the men and women meerly players;
'They have their *exits* and their entrances,

'And

'And one man in his time plays many parts:
'His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
'Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
'And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
'And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
'Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover,
'Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
'Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier,
'Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
'Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
'Seeking the bubble reputation
'Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the juſtice
'In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
'With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
'Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
'And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
'Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
'With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
'His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
'For his ſhrunk ſhank, and his big manly voice
'Turning again toward childiſh treble pipes,
'And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
'That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
'Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and meer oblivion,
'Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

SCENE X.

Enter Orlando *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: ſet down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need,

I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for my ſelf.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſick, and good couſin ſing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning; moſt loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland*'s ſon,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke
That lov'd your father. The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,

Thou

Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

DUKE.

NOT ſee him ſince? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thou preſent: but look to it,
Find out thy brother whereſoe'er he is,
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands,
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. Oh that your highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, puſh him out of doors,
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The FOREST.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. HAng there my verſe, in witneſs of my love;
And thou thrice crowned Queen of night ſurvey,
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. *Touchſtone*?

Clo. Truly ſhepherd, in reſpect of it ſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that he that wants mony, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property

perty of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope-----

Clo. Truly thou art damm'd, like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchſtone*: thoſe that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſie would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes, and their fels, you know, are greaſie.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of mutton as wholſome as the ſweat of a man? ſhallow, ſhallow; a better inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: a ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep;

ſheep; and would you have us kiſs tar? the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man: thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh indeed; learn of the wiſe and perpend; civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man; God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. 'Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; get that 'I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad 'of other men's good, content with my harm; and the great-'eſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs 'ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle, to be a bawd to a bell-weather, and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth old to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new miſtreſs's brother.

SCENE IV.

Enter Roſalind *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to the weſtern* Inde,
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures faireſt lin'd,
Are but black to Roſalind;

Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Roſ. Out fool.

Clo. For a taſte.

If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be ſure will Roſalind.
Winter garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap muſt ſheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt [a] *nut hath ſowreſt rind,*
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect your ſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earlieſt fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

[a] *meat*

SCENE V.

Enter Celia *with a writing.*

Roſ. Peace, here comes my ſiſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a deſart be?*
For it is unpeopled. No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend;
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence end,
Will I Roſalinda *write;*
Teaching all that read to know
This quinteſſence of every ſprite,
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's *cheeks, but not her heart,*
Cleopatra's *majeſty;*
Atalanta's *better part;*
Sad Lucretia's *modeſty.*
Thus Roſalind *of many parts,*
By heav'nly ſynod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches deareſt priz'd. *Heav'n*

Heav'n would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle *Jupiter!* what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel. How now, back friends! ſhepherd go off a little: go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage.

[*Ex.* Cor. *and* Clown.

††† SCENE VI.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondring, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carv'd upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an *Iriſh* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping------

Roſ. Good my complexion, doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hoſe in my diſpoſition? one inch of delay more, is a ſouth-ſea of diſcovery. I pr'ythee tell me, who is it, quickly, and ſpeak apace? I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard?

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that trip'd up the wreſtler's heels and your heart both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? what did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? what ſaid he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask

for

for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Garagantua*'s mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: to ſay ay and no to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count atoms as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd *Jove*'s tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman, when I think I muſt ſpeak: ſweet, ſay on.

SCENE VII.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſlink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been my ſelf alone.

Orla.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you marr no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you marr no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your love's name.

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers; have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of *Atalanta*'s heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my ſelf, againſt whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook, look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel, good ſignior love. [*Ex.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monſieur melancholy.

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, foreſter?

Orla. Very well, what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You ſhould ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt, elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers perſons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſennight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ.

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the skirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the cony that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kind-led.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it. I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of *Roſalind.* If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla.

Orla. I am he that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes I am ſure you are not priſoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not, but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having no beard, is a younger brother's revenue; then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoo untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation; but you are no ſuch man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your ſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points, in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love, as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is meerly a madneſs, and I tell you deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as mad men do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs: and I ſet him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs, which was to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monaſtick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now by the faith of my love I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you; and by the way you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind*: come ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Clown, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us; what features?

Clo.

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the *Goths.*

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worſe than *Jove* in a thatch'd houſe.

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding; it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt in deed and word; is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt: now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd; for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſawce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy foulneſs; ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even ſo------ poor men alone---- no, no, the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal: is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? no. As a wall'd town is worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver:* Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good maſter what ye call: how do you Sir, you are very well met: Godild you for your laſt company, I am very glad to ſee you, even a toy in hand here Sir: nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley?*

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire; and as pidgeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot, then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry: farewell good Mr. *Oliver*; not O ſweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: but wind away, be gone I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do I pr'ythee, but yet have the grace to conſider that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire, therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of a diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry his kiſſes are *Judas*'s own children.

Roſ. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity, as the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaſte lips of *Diana*; a nun of winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings; he attends here in the foreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando?*

Cel. O that's a brave man, he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely; quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and maſter, you have oft enquir'd
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs

That

That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly plaid
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not ſcorn me, do not, *Phebe*;
Say that you love me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs; the common executioner,
Whoſe heart th'accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me there is murther in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now

Now counterfeit to ſwoon, why now fall down;
Or if thou canſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wound's inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As 'till that time I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you? who might be your mother,
That you inſult, exult and all at once
Over the wretched? what though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why what means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work: odds my little life,
I think ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy ſouth puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glaſs, but you that flatter her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelf more proper
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But miſtreſs, know your ſelf, down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer:
So take her to thee, ſhepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Roſ. He's fallen in love with your foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words: Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:
Will you go, ſiſter? ſhepherd, ply her hard:
Come ſiſter; ſhepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud; tho' all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exit.*

Phe. Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe!*
Phe. Hah: what ſay'ſt thou, *Silvius?*
Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.
Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*
Sil. Where-ever ſorrow is, relief would be;
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou haſt my love; is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my love,
And ſuch a poverty of grace attends it,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was maſter of.
Phe. Think not I love him, tho' I ask for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well,

But

But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
But ſure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
'There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
'A little riper, and more luſty red
'Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
'Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damask.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me;
I marvel why I anſwer'd not again,
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; wilt thou *Silvius?*

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, *Silvius*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the FOREST.

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Jaques.

JAQUES.

Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtiers, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! by my faith you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other mens; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd experience.

Enter

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happineſs, dear *Roſalind.*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Roſ. Farewel, monſieur traveller; look you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a Gondola. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orla. My fair *Roſalind*, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love? he that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight, I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orla. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; beſides he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why horns; which ſuch as you, are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orla.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Roſalind* is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to conſent: what would you ſay to me now, an I were your very, very *Roſalind?*

Orla. I would kiſs before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry that ſhould you if I were your miſtreſs, or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your *Roſalind?*

Orla. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own perſon I die.

Roſ. No faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love cauſe: *Troilus* had his brains daſh'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh in the *Helleſpont*, and being taken with the cramp was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers

of

of that age found it was *Hero* of *Seſtos*. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this mind, for I proteſt her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Yes faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſay'ſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing? come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando*: what do you ſay, Siſter?

Orla. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, will you *Orlando*-----

Cel. Go to; will you *Orlando* have to wife this *Roſalind*?

Orla. I will.

Roſ. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Roſ. I might ask you for your commiſſion, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the prieſt, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have poſſeſt her.

Roſ.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Roſ. ‘ Say a day without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men ‘ are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids ‘ are *May* when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they ‘ are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock- ‘ pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt ‘ rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my de- ‘ ſires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in ‘ the fountain, and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to ‘ be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are ‘ inclin'd to ſleep.

Orla. But will my *Roſalind* do ſo?

Roſ. By my life ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this; the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doors faſt upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, wit whither wilt?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay ſhe came to ſeek you there: you ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occaſion, let her never nurſe her child her ſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For theſe two hours, *Roſalind*, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner, by two a-clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ.

Roſ. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o'th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, ſweet *Roſalind.*

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalind*, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orla. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*; ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try. Adieu. [*Exit* Orla.

SCENE III.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. Or rather bottomleſs, that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. 'No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs, 'that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe 'his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love;

I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques, *Lords, and Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a *Roman* conqueror, and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

What ſhall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear;
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear this burthen;
Take thou no ſcorn to wear the horn,
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born,
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two a-clock?
I wonder much *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to ſleep: look who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the contents, but as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She ſays I am not fair, that I lack manners,
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: 'od's my will,
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone-coloured hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;

She has a huſwife's hand, but that's no matter;
I ſay ſhe never did invent this letter,
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like *Turk* to Chriſtian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention,
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s cruelty.

Roſ. She *Phebe*'s me, mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt.
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind

Will

Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe [b] ſtrains upon thee? not to be endured! well, go your way to her, for I ſee love hath made thee a tame ſnake, and ſay this to her, that if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Sil.

SCENE VI.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlews of this foreſt ſtands
A ſheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the houſe doth keep it ſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch years: the boy is fair,
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe Siſter: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel.

[b] *ſtrings.*

Cel. It is no boaſt being ask'd, to ſay we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Roſalind*
He ſends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent it ſelf
'Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
'And high top bald, of dry antiquity;
'A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
'Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
'A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd it ſelf,
'Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
'The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
'Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it ſelf,
'And with indented glides did ſlip away
'Into a buſh, under which buſh's ſhade
'A Lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
'Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
'When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
'The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
'To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother,

And

And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.
Oli. And well he might ſo do;
For well I know he was unnatural.
Roſ. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs nobler ever than revenge,
And nature ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battel to the lioneſs:
Who quickly fell before him, in which † hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Roſ. But for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſart place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtrip'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon *Roſalind.*
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,

He

† hurtling. *skirmiſhing.*

He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind.*

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, ſweet *Ganimed?* [Roſ. *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is no more in't: couſin *Ganimed!*

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. Would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm.

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, Sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but i' faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back,
How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething; but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The FOREST.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

CLOWN.

WE ſhall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith the prieſt was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a moſt vile *Mar-text!* but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. William, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Waſt born i'th' foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good anſwer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo ſo.

Clo. So ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but ſo, ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a ſaying, the fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool. The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid.

Will. I do Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that muſt marry this woman; therefore you clown, abandon; which is in the vulgar, leave the ſociety; which in the booriſh, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction, I will o'er-run thee with policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both that we may enjoy each other; it ſhall be to your good: for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you and prepare *Aliena*; for look you, here comes my *Roſalind.*

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the ſight of two rams, and *Cæſar*'s thraſonical brag of I came, ſaw and overcame: for your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy; and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes; by ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalind.*

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I ſpeak not this that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do your ſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was three years old, converſt with a magician, moſt profound in his

his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the heart, as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena* you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtreights of fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow; human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay I am a magician: therefore put you on your beſt array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

SCENE III.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I have: it is my ſtudy
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. 'Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. 'It is to be made all of ſighs and tears,
'And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. 'It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
'And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil.

Sil. ‘ It is to be all made of fantaſie,
‘ All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
‘ All adoration, duty and obſervance,
‘ All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
‘ All purity, all tryal, all obſervance;
‘ And ſo am I for *Phebe*

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed.*

Orla. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Roſ.

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phe.

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Iriſh* wolves againſt the moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could: to-morrow meet me all together: I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow; [*To* Phe.] I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow; [*To* Orl.] I will content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow. [*To* Sil.] As you love *Roſalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*: to-morrow we will be married.

Aud.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

S O N G.

It was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time; the pretty ſpring time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country-folks would lye,
In the ſpring-time, &c.

The

The carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. Doſt thou believe, *Orlando,* that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Roſalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalind,* [*To the Duke.*
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay you will have her when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

Roſ. You ſay you'll marry me, if I be willing. [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,

You'll

You'll give your ſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Roſ. You ſay, that you'll have *Phebe*, if ſhe will?

[*To* Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Roſ. I've promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You, yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me;
Or elſe refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd.
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me; and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all even. [*Exe.* Roſ. *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this ſhepherd boy,
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is foreſt-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is ſure another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. 'If any man doubt that, let him put me to my pur-'gation; I have trod a meaſure, I have flatter'd a lady, I have 'been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy, I 'have undone three taylors, I have had four quarrels, and like 'to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh cauſe? good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I deſire you of the like: I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own, a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no man elſe will. Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe, as your pearl in your foul oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lie ſeven times removed; (bear your body more ſeeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the quip modeſt. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: this is call'd the reply churliſh. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: this is call'd the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: this

this is call'd the countercheck quarrelſome; and ſo the lie circumſtantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the lie circumſtantial; nor he durſt not give me the lie direct, and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the retort courteous; the ſecond, the quip modeſt; the third, the reply churliſh; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in woman's cloaths, and* Celia.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heav'n brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours. [*To the Duke.*
To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.
Duke Sen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.
Orla. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*
Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then my love adieu.
Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe.
Hym. Peace hoa; I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are ſure together,
As the winter to foul weather:
Whiles a wedlock hymn we ſing,
Feed your ſelves with queſtioning:
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

S O N G.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *crown,*
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every town,*
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, *God of every town.*

Duke Sen. O my dear neice, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter, welcome, in no leſs degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancy to thee doth combine.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond ſon of old Sir *Rowland,*
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly.
Duke *Frederick* hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power which were on foot
In his own conduct purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land it ſelf at large, a potent Dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:
Play muſick, and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to th' meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deſerve it:
You to a love that your true faith doth merit; [*To* Orla.
You to your land, and love, and great allies; [*To* Oli.
You to a long and well-deſerved bed; [*To* Sil.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage [*To the Clown.*
Is but for two months victual'd: ſo to your pleaſures:
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin theſe rites,
As we do truſt they'll end, in true delights.

Rof.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpring, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

A *Lord, before whom the Play is ſuppos'd to be play'd.*
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

The Perſons of the Play it ſelf are,

Baptiſta, *Father to* Katharina *and* Biancha, *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Biancha.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Katharina.
Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Pretenders to* Biancha.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew.*
Biancha, *her Siſter.*
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſhers, with Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Padua, *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

THE

THE

TAMING *of the* SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Sly.

SLY.

'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue.

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore *paucus pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

Sly. No, not a deniere: go by S. *Jeronimy*, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedy; I muſt go fetch the headborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls aſleep.*

SCENE II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting with a train.

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee tender well my hounds,
† Brach *Merriman*, the poor cur is imboſt;
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge corner in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? ſee doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold, to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What think you if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in ſweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord.

† Brach, *a hound.*

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet.
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say, what is it your honour will command;
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers.
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper,
And ſay, wilt pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his Lady mourns at his diſeaſe;
Perſwade him that he hath been lunatick.
And when he ſays he's poor, ſay that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes. [*Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds.
Belike ſome noble gentleman that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. Pleaſe your honour, players
That offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but ſure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modeſties,
Leſt over eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain our ſelves;
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

2 *Play.*

† 2 *Player.* [*to the other.*] Go get a diſhclout to make clean your ſhoes, and I'll ſpeak for the properties. [*Exit Player.*
My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
Let them want nothing that the houſe affords.
[*Exit one with the players.*
Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him all obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſie;
And ſay; what is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,
Bid him ſhed tears, as being overjoy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for theſe ſeven years hath eſteem'd himſelf
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt,
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions. [*Exit Servant.*

† *This ſpeech is added from the old edition.*

I know the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant;
I'll in to counſel them: haply my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would go into extreams.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sly *with attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances.*

Sly. For God's ſake a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not me honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhooes than feet, nay ſometimes more feet than ſhooes, or ſuch ſhooes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n ceaſe this idle humour in your honour.
Oh that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit.

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Chriſtophero Sly*, old *Sly*'s ſon of *Burton-heath*, by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bearherd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence

on

on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What I am not † beſtraught: here's------

1 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
Oh noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark, *Apollo* plays, [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis.*
Say thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks will ſoar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

† beſtraught, *diſtracted.*

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds;
And at the ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not ſleep; I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:
Upon my life I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Sly.*
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight,
And once again a pot o'th' ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands?
Oh how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the hoſteſs of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leet,
Becauſe ſhe bought ſtone jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket.*

Sly.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Man.* Why Sir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid,
Nor no ſuch men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Sly. † By th' maſs I think I am a lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. Simon, an't pleaſe your honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to ſay *Simeon* or *Simon*; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

SCENE V.

Enter Lady with attenaants.

Sly. I thank thee, thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Lady. Here noble lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men ſhould call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. Come ſit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Ma-

† *This and the two following ſpeeches added from the old edition.*

dam wife, they ſay that I have dream'd, and ſlept above ſome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants leave me and her alone: madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed. *Sim*, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet;
For your phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed;
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy;
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing ſo much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry I will, let them play, is it not a commodity? a *Chriſtmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady.

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: come, Madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne'er be younger.

The TAMING *of the* SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PADUA.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

LUCENTIO.

TRanio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*.
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company.
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt
A merchant of great traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:

And

And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs,
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

Tra. *Me pardonato*, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as your ſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy:
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or, ſo devote to *Ariſtotle*'s checks
As *Ovid*, be an outcaſt quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and poeſie uſe to quicken you,
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow to welcome us to town.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta *with* Katharina *and* Bianca, Gremio *and* Hortenſio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Katharina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unleſs you were of gentler milder mould.
Kath. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſh, maſter, here's ſome good paſtime toward,
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, *Tranio.*
Tra. Well ſaid, maſter, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca* get you in,

And

And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.

Kath. A pretty pet, it is beſt put finger in the eye, an ſhe knew why.

Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them to look, and practiſe by my ſelf.

Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak.

Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange?
Sorry am I that our good-will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
School-maſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you, *Hortenſio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
I will be very kind and liberal,
To mine own children, in good bringing up,
And ſo farewel. *Katharina*, you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, I truſt I may go too, may I not? what, ſhall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not ſo great, *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both ſides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry Sir, to get a husband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay a husband.

Gre. I ſay a devil. Think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio*; tho' it paſs your patience and mine to endure her [a] loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples: come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a husband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a husband, and then have to't afreſh. Sweet *Bianca!* happy man be his dole; he that runs faſteſt gets the ring; how ſay you, Signior *Gremio?*

[a] *lewd*

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gre. *and* Hor. *Manent* Tra. *and* Lucen.

SCENE IV.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found th' effect of love in idleneſs.
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,
That art to me as ſecret and as dear
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents,
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* ſtrand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her ſiſter

Began

Began to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her,
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:
I pray awake, Sir; if you love the maid
Bend thoughts and wit t'atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That till the father rids his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home,
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchool-maſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay marry am I, Sir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s ſon,
Keep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baſta, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it follows thus.

Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead;
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould.
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio*, at once
Uncaſe thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.
In brief, good Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,)
Altho' I think 'twas in another ſenſe,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo; becauſe *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a ſlave t'atchieve that maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? maſter, has my fellow *Tranio* ſtoll'n your cloaths, or you ſtoll'n his, or both? pray what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;

While

While I make way from hence to ſave my life.
You underſtand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt daughter. But ſirrah, not for my ſake, but your maſter's, I adviſe you uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*; but in all places elſe, your maſter *Lucentio.*

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute, to make one among theſe wooers; if thou ask me why, ſufficeth my reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.

Before Hortenſio's *houſe in* Padua.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. VErona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and I trow this is the houſe,
Here ſirrah, *Grumio*, knock I ſay. *

Enter

*——knock I ſay.
Gru. Knock, Sir? whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip?
Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.
Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I ſhould knock you here Sir?
Pet. Villain, I ſay knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome:

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto multo honorato Signior mio Petruchio. *

And tell me now, ſweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona?*

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows but in a few.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceas'd,
And I [b] have thruſt my ſelf into this maze,

I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, ſirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and ſing it. [*He wrings him by the ears.*
Gru. Help, miſtreſs, help, my maſter is mad.
Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirrah, villain.
Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio!* how do you all at *Verona?*
Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray?
Con tutti le core bene trovato may I ſay.
Enter, &c.

* ——— *mio* Petruchio.
Riſe, *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in latin. If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps, for ought I ſee, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.
Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain. Good *Hortenſio*,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! ſpake you not theſe words plain? ſirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly? and come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.
Hor. Petruchio, patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſty pleaſant ſervant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, &c.

[b] *muſt.*

Happly

Happly to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel,
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as us
Few words ſuffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife;
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be ſhe as foul as was *Florentius*' love,
As old as *Sybil*, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As *Socrates*' *Zantippe*, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection's edge in [c] me. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriatick* ſeas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua:*
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua.*

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an † aglet baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why nothing comes amiſs, ſo mony comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as beſt becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intolerable curs'd,

And

[c] *time.* † aglet, *the tag of a point.*

And ſhrewd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect;
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is *Katharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, tho' I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well;
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta*'s houſe my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me. Other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,

That ever *Katharina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Katharine* the curs'd have got a husband.

Gru. *Katharine* the curs'd,
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchool-maſter
Well ſeen in muſick, to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her;
And unſuſpected court her by her ſelf.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio, *and* Lucentio *diſguis'd.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! ſee, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Maſter, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the rival of my love. *Petruchio*, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love, ſee that, at any hand;
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me. Over and beſide
Signior *Baptiſta*'s liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume it ſelf
To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſured;
As firmly as your ſelf were ſtill in place,
Yea, and perhaps with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an aſs it is!

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! God ſave you, Signior *Gremio.*

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio.* Trow you whither I am going? to *Baptiſta Minola*; I promis'd to enquire carefully about a ſchool-maſter for the fair *Bianca*, and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man: for learning and behaviour fit for her turn, well read in poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs,
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curs'd *Katherine*,
Yea and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well;
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.

Gre.

Gre. No, ſayeſt me ſo, friend? what countryman?
Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s ſon;
My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope, good days and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh Sir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife were ſtrange;
But if you have a ſtomach, to't a God's name,
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
' Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
' Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
' Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
' Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
' Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
' And heav'ns artillery thunder in the skies?
' Have I not in a pitched battel heard
' Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
' And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
' That gives not half ſo great a blow to hear,
' As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh, tuſh, fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. *Hortenſio*, hark:
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing whatſoe'er.
Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

SCENE VII.

To them Tranio *bravely apparell'd, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way to the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola?*

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, *Biondello.*

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her to-----

Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

Pet. Nor her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.

Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you?

Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know.
That ſhe's the choice love of Signior *Gremio.*

Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of Signior *Hortenſio.*

Tra. Softly, my maſters if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda*'s daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have,

And

And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta*'s daughter?
Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, Sir, the firſt's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth:
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo, Sir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs, whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive:
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratifie this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.
Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health,
And do as adverſaries do in law,

Strive

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion: fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo, *Petruchio*, I ſhall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod, you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yea, by St.* Ann *do I: a good matter ſurely! comes there any more of it?*

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady. Would 'twere done!*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's *Houſe in* Padua.

Enter Katharina *and* Bianca.

BIANCA.

GOod ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bond-maid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for theſe other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my ſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy ſuitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

Bian. Believe me ſiſter, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou lieſt; is't not *Hortenſio?*

Bian.

Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear
I'll plead for you my ſelf, but you ſhall have him.
Kath. Oh then belike you fancy riches more,
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do ſo envy me?
Nay then you jeſt, and now I well perceive
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, ſiſter *Kate*, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo. [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why how now dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor girl, ſhe weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What, in my ſight? *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Ex.* Bian.
Kath. Will you not ſuffer me? nay, now I ſee
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a husband,
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* Kath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man*, Petruchio *with* Hortenſio *like a muſician*, Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God ſave you gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray have you not a daughter call'd *Katharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Katharina.*

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to ſhew my ſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report, which I ſo oft have heard.
And for an entrance to my entertainment, [*Preſenting* Hor.
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua.*

Bap. Y'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my daughter *Katharina*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I ſee you do not mean to part with her,
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio*'s ſon,
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poor petitioners ſpeak too. *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing neighbours. This is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs my ſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young ſcholar, that hath been long ſtudying at *Reims*, [*Preſenting* Luc.] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk like a ſtranger, [*To* Tranio.] may I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldneſs is mine own,
That being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make my ſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt,
That upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.

If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?
Tra. Of *Piſa*, Sir, ſon to *Vincentio.*
Bap. A mighty man of *Piſa*; by report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take you the lute, and you the ſet of books,
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within.

Enter a ſervant.

Sirrah, lead theſe gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
Theſe are their tutors, bid them uſe them well.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think your ſelves.
Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſs asketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in poſſeſſion twenty thouſand crowns.
Pet. And for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me,
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever;
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury.
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed:
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

SCENE III.

Enter Hortenſio *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now my friend, why doſt thou look ſo pale?

Hor. For fear I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

Hor. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets call you them? quoth ſhe: I'll fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While ſhe did call me raſcal, fidler,
And twangling jack, with twenty ſuch vile terms,

As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you do. I will attend her here, [*Exit* Bap.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say that ſhe rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say that ſhe frown, I'll ſay ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew;
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall ask the banes, and when be married?
But here ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeak.

SCENE IV.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.
They call me *Katharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in chriſtendom,

Kate

Kate of *Kate-hall*, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*,
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation!
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs:
My ſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the firſt
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd ſtool.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it; come, ſit on me.

Kath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Kath. No ſuch jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light----

Kath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be. *

Pet.

* ——— weight ſhould be.
Pet. Should be! ſhould! buz.
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd turtle, ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come you waſp, i' faith you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waſpiſh, 'beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lyes.
Pet. Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Kath. Yours if you talk of tails, and ſo farewel.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Kath. So may you loſe your arms.
If you ſtrike me you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet.

Pet. Nay, hear you *Kate.* Inſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.
Kath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar,
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conf'rence, ſoft, and affable.
Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazle twig,
Is ſtrait, and ſlender, and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
Oh let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Kath. Go fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gaite?
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful.

Pet. A herald, *Kate?* oh put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your creſt, a coxcomb?
Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come *Kate*; come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.
Kath. It is my faſhion when I ſee a crab.
Pet. Why here's no crab, and therefore look not ſower.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it me.
Kath. Had I a glaſs I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
Pet. Now, by St. *George* I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, *&c.*

Kath.

Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Why ſo I mean, ſweet *Katharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.
For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I muſt and will have *Katharine* to my wife.

SCENE V.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katharine*, in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promiſe you
You've ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick,
A madcap ruffian, and a ſwearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your ſelf and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curs'd, it is for policy,
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn,
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chaſtity.
And to conclude, we've 'greed ſo well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding day.

Kath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on *Sunday* firſt.

Gre. Hark: *Petruchio!* ſhe ſays ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuſe her for my ſelf,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curs'd in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh the kindeſt *Kate!*
She hung about my neck, and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh you are novices; 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame (when men and women are alone)
A † meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding day;
Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Katharine* ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands.
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu,
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,

We

† meacock *or* mew-cock, *an effeminate fellow.*

We will have rings and things, and fine array,
And kiſs me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.

[*Ex.* Petruchio *and* Katharina.

SCENE VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek, is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife;
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry;
In ivory coffers I have ſtuft my crowns;

In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cuſhions boſs'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs,
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilſt I live ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in. Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which ſhall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an *Argoſie*
That now is lying in *Marſeilles*'s road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argoſie?*

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no leſs
Than three great *Argoſies*, beſides two galliaſſes,
And twelve tight gallies; theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'ſt next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;

If

If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I muſt confeſs your offer is the beſt;
And let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus reſolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My daughter *Katharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following ſhall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio:*
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old *Italian* fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide,
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my maſter good?
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio;*
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this caſe of wooing, a child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

[Sly *ſpeaks to one of the ſervants.*

Sly. Sim. *when will the fool come again?*

Sim, *Anon, my lord.*

Sly. *Give's ſome more drink here----where's the tapſter? here* Sim, *eat ſome of theſe things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. Here Sim, *I drink to thee.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in Padua.

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

LUCENTIO.

FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katharine* welcom'd you withal?
Hor. Wrangling pedant, this
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous aſs, that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;

I'll

I'll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelf;
And to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the while,
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[Hortenſio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never: tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic eſt Sigeia tellus, Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.*

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic eſt*, ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, preſume not, *celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our pedant!
Now for my life that knave doth court my love;
Pedaſcule, I'll watch you better yet:
In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.

Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd ſo from his grandfather.

I muſt believe my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt;
But let it reſt. Now *Licio* to you:
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.

Luc. Are you ſo formal, Sir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine muſician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am paſt my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortenſio.*

Bian. [*reading.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
Are, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion,
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
Cfaut, that loves with all affection,
D ſol re, one cliff, but two notes have I,
Elami, ſhow pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut?* tut, I like it not;
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I'm not ſo nice
To change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian.

Bian. Farewel ſweet maſters both; I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*
Luc. Faith miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wandring eyes on every ſtale;
Seize thee who liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Kath'rine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law.
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?
Kath. No ſhame but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of ſpleen,
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Katharine*,
And ſay, lo there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra.

Tra. Patience, good *Katharine*, and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my life *Petruchio* means but well,
What ever fortune ſtays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Kath. Would *Katharine* had never ſeen him tho'!

[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

SCENE III.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter; old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what to thine old news?

Bion. 'Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; 'a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been 'candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword 'ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chape-'leſs, with two broken points; his horſe hip'd with an old mo-'thy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred; beſides poſſeſt with 'the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the 'lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped 'with

'with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives, 'ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots, waid 'in the back and ſhoulder-ſhotten, near-legg'd before, and with 'a half checkt bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's leather, which 'being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling hath been often 'burſt, and now repair'd with knots; one girt ſix times piec'd, 'and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for 'her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd 'with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. 'Oh Sir, his lackey, for all the world capariſon'd like 'the horſe, with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-'hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt, an old 'hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a fea-'ther: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel, and not like a 'chriſtian foot-boy, or gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I ſay his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well 'parell'd as I wiſh you were.
Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike your ſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in ſome part enforced to digreſs,
Which at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I could change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſelf.

But

But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs? [*Exit.*

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn)
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance here in *Padua*
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed:
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good methinks to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying father *Minola*,
The quaint muſician amorous *Licio*;
All for my maſter's ſake *Lucentio*.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom ſay you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the prieſt
Should ask if *Katharine* ſhould be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carowzing to his mates
After a ſtorm; quaft off the muſcadel,
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to ask
His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips.

With

With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church eccho'd; and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame; and after me
I know the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark, I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſick plays.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Hortenſio, *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to-night?

Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my ſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall intreat me ſtay;

But

But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.
Pet. Grumio, my horſes.
Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horſes.
Kath. Nay then
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging while your boots are green,
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. Ay, marry Sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.
I ſee a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your ſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he,

That

That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs if thou be a man:
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million. [*Exe.* Pet. *and* Kath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian. That being mad her ſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom want
For to ſupply the places at the table;
You know there wants no junkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſupply the bridegroom's place.
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, *Lucentio:* gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter Grumio.

GRUMIO.

FIE, fie on all tired jades, on all mad maſters, and all foul ways! was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo raide? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warm my ſelf; for conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before the froſt; but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman and beaſt, for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and my ſelf, fellow *Curtis.*

Curt.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why thy horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand, ſhe being now at hand, thou ſhalt ſoon feel to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire; for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore I pray thee what news?

Gru. Firſt, know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuff

was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *imprimis* we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs.

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. But hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horſes ran away, how her bridle was burſt, how I loſt my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joſeph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugerſop*, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'ſie with their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeems, that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.
Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio.*
Phil. How now, *Grumio?*
Joſ. What, *Grumio!*
Nich. Fellow *Grumio!*
Nath. How now, old lad.
Gru. Welcome you; how now you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
Nat. All things are ready; how near is our maſter?
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not--- cock's paſſion, ſilence, I hear my maſter.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? what, no man at door to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*
All Ser. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.
Pet. Here Sir, here Sir, here Sir, here Sir?
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?
Gru. Here Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.
Pet. You peaſant ſwain, you whoreſon, malt-horſe drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along the raſcal knaves with thee?
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,

And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, raſcals, go and fetch my ſupper in. [*Exit Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe?----- ſit down *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter Servants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? nay, good ſweet *Kate* be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when? [*Sings.*

It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue, you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other. [*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate*: ſome water here; what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus?* ſirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.
Where are my ſlippers? ſhall I have ſome water?
Come *Kate*, and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You whoreſon villain, will you let it fall?
Kat. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreſon, beatle-headed, flat-ear'd knave:
Come *Kate*, ſit down, I know you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, mutton?
1 *Ser.* Yes.
Pet. Who brought it?
Ser. I. *Pet.*

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe? where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the ſtage.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves.
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

Kat. I pray you, husband, be not ſo diſquiet,
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did faſt,
Since of our ſelves, our ſelves are cholerick,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh:
Be patient, for to-morrow't ſhall be mended,
And for this night we'll faſt for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Curt. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continency to her,
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; and ſhe poor ſoul
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak,
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty,
And till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, that way the ſheets;
Ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis charity to ſhew. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Katharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forſooth, I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong; the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that which ſpights me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death:
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too flegmatick a meat:
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good *Grumio* fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I fear it's cholerick:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?

Kath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the muſtard without the beef.

Kath.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my miſery.
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

SCENE V.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio *with meat.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate?* what, ſweeting, all amort?
Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat my ſelf, and bring it thee:
I'm ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof.
Here take away the diſh.
Kath. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou loveſt me,
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:

With

With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? the taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his [a] ruſtling treaſure.

SCENE VI.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte.

Kath. Why, Sir, I truſt I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe,
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe my heart concealing it will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free,
Even to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie,

[a] *ruffling*

I love thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why ay; come taylor, let us ſee't.
O mercy heav'n, what masking ſtuff is here?
What? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:
Why what a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown.

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Pet. Marry and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marr it to the time.
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Kath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh moſt monſtrous arrogance!
Thou lyeſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made

Juſt

Juſt as my maſter had direction.
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me, I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou lieſt.

Tay. Why here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a looſe-bodied gown.

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tay. With a trunk ſleeve.

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tay. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'th' bill, Sir, error i'th' bill: I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I ſay, an I had thee in place where, thou ſhou'dſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-amercy, *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my miſtreſs's gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my miſtreſs's gown unto his maſter's uſe?
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the taylor paid. [*Aſide.*
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away I ſay, commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit Tayl.*

Pet. Well come my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What; is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.
Go call my men, and let us ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's

Let's ſee, I think 'tis now ſome ſeven a-clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Kath. I dare aſſure you, Sir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper-time ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeven ere I go to horſe:
Look what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to-day, and ere I do,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo: this gallant will command the ſun.

[*Exeunt* Pet. Kath. *and* Hor.

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly *ſleeps.*

Enter Servants.

Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.

Serv. *It ſhall be done, my lord: come help to bear him hence.*

[*They bear off* Sly.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PADUA.

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

TRANIO.

IS't poſſible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
I tell you, Sir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. To ſatisfie you, Sir, in what I ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What maſter read you firſt, reſolve me that?
Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art of love.
Bian. And may you prove, Sir, maſter of your art.
Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart.
Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now tell me I pray, you that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs *Bianca* lov'd none in the world ſo well as *Lucentio.*
Tra. O deſpightful love, unconſtant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be,
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio.*
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,

And

And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſwear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiſs and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forſwear her
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' ſhe intreat.
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworn her.
For me, that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard.
And ſo farewel, Signior *Lucentio*.
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit* Hor.

Tra. Miſtreſs *Bianca*, bleſs you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forſworn you with *Hortenſio*.

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt: but have you both forſworn me?

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. I'faith he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her,

Bian. He ſays ſo, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming ſchool.

Bian.

Bian. The taming ſchool? what, is there ſuch a place?
Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

SCENE II.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long,
That I'm dog weary; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will ſerve the turn.
Tra. What is he, *Biondello?*
Bion. Maſter, a mercantant, or elſe a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gate and countenance, ſurely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, *Tranio?*
Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio*,
And give aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:
Take me your love, and then let me alone. [*Ex.* Luc. & Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, Sir.
Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?
Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And ſo to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua.*
Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid;

And

And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at *Venice*, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for mony by exchange
From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courteſie,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;
Firſt tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa?*

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Piſa* have I often been;
Piſa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio?*

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio:*
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd:
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould.
You underſtand me, Sir: ſo ſhall you ſtay
'Till you have done your buſineſs in the city.
If this be court'ſie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. SIrs, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. Ay what elſe, and (but I be deceived,)
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa.*
Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*:
'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him; ſirrah *Biondello*,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio.*
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta?*
Bion. I told him that your father was in *Venice*,
And that you look'd for him in *Padua.*

Tra.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes *Baptiſta*; ſet your countenance, Sir.

SCENE III.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ſtand, good father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, ſon. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, Sir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay.
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well:
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,

Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know beſt
Be we affied, and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants;
Beſides old *Gremio* is hearkning ſtill,
And haply then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir;
There doth my father lye; and there this night
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here;
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may with all my heart. [*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Piſa*.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio.*

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old prieſt at St. *Luke*'s church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm*; to th' church take the prieſt, clark, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet, and ſo may you, Sir, and ſo adieu, Sir; my maſter hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke*'s, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt her?

Hap

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Street before Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Hortenſio.

Pet. COme on a god's name, once more tow'rds our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon.
Kath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.
Pet. I ſay it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Kath. I know it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mother's ſon, and that's my ſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Kath. Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay it is the moon.
Kath. I know it is the moon.
Pet. Nay then you lye; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Kath. Then God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun.
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine.*
Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run;

And

And not unluckily againſt the bias:
But ſoft, ſome company is coming here.

SCENE VI.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle miſtreſs, where away? [*To* Vin.
Tell me ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman:
Such war of white and red within her cheeks:
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

† *Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!

† *In the firſt ſketch of this play, printed in* 1607, *we find two ſpeeches in this place worth preſerving, and ſeeming to be of the hand of* Shakeſpear, *tho' the reſt of that play is far inferior.*

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethiſts, or gliſtering hyacinth——
—— Sweet *Katharine*, this lovely woman——
Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chryſtalline,
Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes her dawning beams,
And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face.

This

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaken eyes,
That have been ſo bedazled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandſir, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt; if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon;
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The ſiſter of my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof.
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow, and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Before Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on one ſide.*

Bion. SOFTLY and ſwiftly, Sir, for the prieſt is ready.
Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.
Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back, and then come back to my miſtreſs as ſoon as I can. [*Ex.*
Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio, *with attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio*'s houſe,
My father's bears more towards the market-place,
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, Sir.
Vin. You ſhall not chuſe but drink before you go;
I think I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheer is toward. [*Knock.*
Gre. They're buſie within, you were beſt knock louder.
[Pedant *looks out of the window.*
Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?
Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?
Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your ſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your ſon was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir, to leave frivolous circumſtances I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt, his father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why how now, gentleman! why this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen ſome body in this city under my countenance.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together. God ſend 'em good ſhipping: but who is here? mine old maſter *Vincentio*? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no Sir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry Sir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a mad-man will murther me.

Ped. Help, ſon, help Signior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſie.

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptiſta *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh immortal Gods! oh fine villain, a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak and a †copatain hat: oh I am undone, I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my ſon and my ſervants ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a ſail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake, Sir, you miſtake, Sir; pray what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away mad aſs, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! oh he hath murthered his maſter; lay hold on him I charge you in the Duke's name; oh my ſon, my ſon, tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

† copped, *or* pointed.

Gre. Stay, officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio:* I ſay he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be cony-catch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monſtrous villain!

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Ex.* Biondello, Tranio *and* Pedant.

SCENE IX.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended? where is *Lucentio?*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right ſon to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine:
While counterfeit ſuppoſers bleer'd thine eyes.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why tell me, is not this my *Cambio?*

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca*'s love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,

While

While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs;
What *Tranio* did, my ſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

Kath. Husband let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Kath. No, Sir, God forbid; but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why then let's home again: come, ſirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs; now pray thee love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my ſweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.**

SCENE

* —— too late. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharina, Grumio, Hortenſio *and widow.* Tranio's *ſervants binging in a banquet.*

Luc. At laſt, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Katharine*,

And

SCENE X.

Lucentio's *houſe in* Padua.

Enter Baptiſta, Petruchio, Hortenſio, Lucentio, *and the reſt.*

Bp. NOW in good ſadneſs, ſon *Petruchio*,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay no; and therefore for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife, and he
Whoſe wife is moſt obedient to come firſt,
When he doth ſend for her, ſhall win the wager.

Hor.

And thou *Hortenſio*, with thy loving widow;
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you ſit down,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eat.
Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon *Petruchio.*
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.
Pet. Now for my life *Hortenſio* fears his widow.
Hor. Then never truſt me if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe:
I mean *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?
Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended, kiſs him for that good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round——
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your Husband being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my husband's ſorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean indeed, reſpecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate.*
Hor. To her, widow.

Pet.

Hor. Content, what wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, *Biondello*, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my ſelf.

Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha, to thee lad. [*Drinks to* Hortenſio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.
Bian. Head and but? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and but were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll ſleep again.
Pet. Nay, that thou ſhalt not, ſince you have begun:
Have at you for a better jeſt or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh.
And then purſue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all. [*Exe.* Bianca, Kath. *and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not,
Therefore a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.
Tra. Oh Sir, *Lucentio* ſlip'd me like his gray-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your ſelf:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you there?
Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
SCENE X. *&c.*

Re-enter

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and cannot come.

Pet. How? ſhe's buſie, and cannot come: is that an anſwer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.

Pet. Oh ho! intreat her! nay then ſhe needs muſt come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

Bion. She ſays you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand,
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.

Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your miſtreſs,
Say I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Gru.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE XI.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Katharine*.

Kath. What is your will, Sir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſio*'s wife?

Kath. They ſit conferring by the palour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight. [*Exit* Kath.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.

Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou haſt won, and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Katharina, Bianca *and Widow.*

See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion:
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.

Bian. Fie, what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee tell theſe headſtrong women,
What duty they owe to their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie, unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds,
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will dain to ſip, or touch a drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſoveraign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak and ſmooth,

Unapt

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you're froward and unable worms;
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart is great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I ſee our launces are but ſtraws,
Our ſtrength is weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are. *

Enter two ſervants bearing Sly *in his own apparel, and leave him on the ſtage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

Sly awaking.] Sim, *give's ſome more wine---- what, all the players gone? am not I a lord?*

Tap. *A lord with a murrain! come, art thou drunk ſtill?*

Sly. *Who's this?* Tapſter *! oh I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heardſt in all thy life.*

Tap. *Yea marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your wife will courſe you for dreaming here all night.*

Sly. *Will ſhe? I know how to tame a ſhrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if ſhe anger me.*

* ——— indeed leaſt are:
Then vale your ſtomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.
Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiſs me *Kate.*
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.
Luc. But a harſh hearing when women are froward.
Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to-bed,
We two are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night. [*Ex.* Petruchio *and* Kath.
Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France:
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram, *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
Clown, }

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta, } *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*
Mariana, }

Lords attending on the King, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, *lyes partly in* France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

The plot taken from Boccace, *Decam.* 3. *Nov.* 9.

ALL's well that ENDS well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Counteſs of* Rouſillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu *in mourning.*

COUNTESS.

N delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond husband.

Ber. And in going, madam, I weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband, madam; you, Sir, a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you, whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O that had! how ſad a paſſage 'tis!) whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſty;

honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's ſake, he were living, I think it would be the death of the King's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Count. His ſole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking, I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs, ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get tears from her.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have-----

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape: thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head. Farewel, my lord;
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier, good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him. Farewel, *Bertram.* [*Exit Count.*

Ber. [*to* Hel.] The beſt wiſhes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be ſervants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Ber. *and* Laf.

SCENE II.

Hel. Oh were that all----- I think not on my father,
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram*'s.
I am undone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one
That I ſhould love a bright partic'lar ſtar,

And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues it ſelf;
The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour, to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our heart's table: heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctifie his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

SCENE III.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me ask you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: man ſetting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up. Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach your ſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational encreaſe, and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. 'He that hangs 'himſelf is a virgin: virginity murthers it ſelf, and ſhould be 'buried in high-ways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate 'offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites; much like 'a cheeſe, conſumes it ſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with 'feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, 'idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the 'canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out 'with't; within ten years it will make it ſelf two, which is a 'goodly increaſe, and the principal it ſelf not much the worſe. 'Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.

'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but unſutable, juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better, marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
[a] A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſoveraign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear;
His humbleſt ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he------
I know not what he ſhall-----God ſend him well----
The court's a learning place-----and he is one----

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well-----'tis pity----

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter

[a] *another.*

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Helen* farewel, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The [b] wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſs, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier, in the which my [c] inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtiers counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

[b] *waters* [c] *inſtrument*

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our ſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free ſcope, only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we our ſelves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe---- my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Court of France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters, and divers attendants.*

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears,
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin *Auſtria*;

With

With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count *Rouſillon*, my good lord,
Young *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Compos'd thee well. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too. Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and my ſelf in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long,
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth

He

He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in his pride, or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour
[d] Clock to it ſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: ſuch a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

King. Would I were with him; he would always ſay,
(Methinks I hear him now) his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear; let me not live,
(Thus his good melancholy oft began
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime
When it was out) let me not live, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: this he wiſh'd.

I

[d] *block*

I after him, do after him wiſh too
(Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,)
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;
Lend me an arm; the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications; nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, Count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thanks to your majeſty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

ROUSILLON.

Enter Counteſs, Steward and Clown.

Count. I Will now hear, what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calender of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make [a] foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of our ſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, ſirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

[a] *out*

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbel*'s caſe and mine own; ſervice is no heritage, and I think I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, 'till I have iſſue o' my body; for they ſay bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me the reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the fleſh, and he muſt needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of; he that † eres my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there

† *to ere. from* arare *to plough.*

there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joul horns together like any deer i'th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I madam, and I ſpeak the truth the next way,
For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true ſhall find,
Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow ſings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her, *Helen* I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the *Grecians* ſacked *Troy*?
Was this King *Priam*'s joy?
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o'th' ſong: would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year, we'd find no fault with the tithe woman if I were the parſon; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do

no hurt; it will wear the ſurplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forſooth, the buſineſs is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more ſhall be paid her than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to her ſelf, her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon; Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: complain'd againſt the queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in, which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to your ſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the ballance, that I could neither believe nor miſdoubt: pray you leave me, ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon.

6 [*Exit Steward.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong,
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't, I obſerve her now.
Hel. What is your pleaſure, madam?
Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen
Adoption ſtrives with nature, and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many colour'd *Iris* rounds thine eyes?
Why---- that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay I am your mother.

Hel.

Hel. Pardon, madam.
The Count *Rouſillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is, and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were
(So that my lord your ſon were not my brother)
Indeed my mother----- or were you both our mothers
I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,
So I were not his ſiſter; can't no other?
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother.

Count. Yes *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law,
God ſhield you mean it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe; what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs. Now I ſee
The myſt'ry of your lovelineſs, and find
Your ſalt tears head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay thou doſt not; therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo. For look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to th'other, and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er I charge thee,
As heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my ſon?
Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs.
Count. Love you my ſon?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection, for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confeſs
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon:
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit,
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him,
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be:
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible ſive,
I ſtill pour in the water of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus *Indian* like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But know of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if your ſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her ſelf and love; O then give pity
To her whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe

But lend and give where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that which ſearch implies,
But riddle like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris?*

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth, by grace it ſelf I ſwear;
You know my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts
Haply been abſent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? he and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to it ſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething in't
More than my father's skill, which was the great'ſt

Of

Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt ſtars in heav'n; and would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.

Count. Do'ſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou ſhalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow, and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

KING.

FAREWEL, young lords: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you; you, my lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth ſtretch it ſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,

After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel, young lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy *French* men; let higher *Italy*,
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy) ſee that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt [a]queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

2 *Lord.* Health at your bidding ſerve your majeſty.

King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;
They ſay our *French* lack language to deny
If they demand: beware of being captives
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To* Bert.] [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my ſweet lord, that you will ſtay behind us.

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the ſpark-----

2 *Lord.* Oh 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early*.

Par. And thy mind---- ſtand to it, boy; ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber.

[a] *queſtion.*

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles.*

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. You ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* his cicatrice, with an emblem of war here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. *Mars* doat on you for his novices; what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King---- [*Ex. Lords.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords, you have reſtrain'd your ſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſwordmen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll ſee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands that hath brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith acroſs: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royal fox could reach them: I have ſeen a med'cine
That's able to [b] breathe life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With ſprightly fire and motion, whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to raiſe King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor ſhe: my lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her: now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your ways. [*Bringing in* Helena.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,

This

[b] *break*

This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like, but ſuch traitors
His majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm *Creſſid*'s uncle
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair one, do's your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes tow'rds him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience, th' only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſome nature
From her unaidable eſtate: we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empericks, or to diſſever ſo

Our

Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ, in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When miracles have by th' great'ſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.
King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid,
Thy pains not us'd, muſt by thy ſelf be paid.
Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is bar'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impoſtor that proclaim
My ſelf againſt the level of mine aim,
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The Greateſt lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs,
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.

Sweet

Sweet practiſer, thy phyſick I will try,
That miniſters thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd: not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of help.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France*,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to beſtow.
King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
To make the choice of thine own time, for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Tho' more to know could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ROUSILLON.

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. To the court? why what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? but to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court, but for me: I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib*'s ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tueſday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier, it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O lord, Sir---- there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, Sir---- thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, Sir---- nay put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, Sir---- ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my O lord Sir; I ſee things may ſerve long, and not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble huſwife with the time to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, Sir---- why there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. THEY ſay miracles are paſt, and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, enſconſing our ſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts.

Par. So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an-----

Laf. Uncertain life; and ſure death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in what do you call there----

Laf. A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. Why your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect-----

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief

and the tedious of it, and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the-----

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak----

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence, which ſhould indeed give us a further uſe to be made than only the recov'ry of the King, as to be----

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, *and attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre, is not this *Helen?*

Laf. 'Fore God I think ſo.

King. Go call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide,
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make,
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous miſtreſs

Fall,

Fall, when love pleaſe: marry, to each but one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

[*She addreſſes her ſelf to a lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, heav'n hath, through me, reſtor'd the King to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heav'n for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That I proteſt I ſimply am a maid------
Pleaſe it your majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe; but be refus'd;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy altar do I fly,
And to [c] imperial *Love*, that God moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir; all the reſt are mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw Ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love.

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great *Love* grant, and ſo I take my leave.

Laf.

[c] *impartial* Jove

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whip'd, or I would ſend them to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed.

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: ſure they are baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your ſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one grape yet, I am ſure my father drunk wine; but if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take you, but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power: this is the man. [*To* Bertram.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs
In ſuch a buſineſs, give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhe rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife! diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which

I can build up: ſtrange is it that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction; yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,)
A poor phyſician's daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
From loweſt place, whence virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair,
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges it ſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the meer Word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.

King. My honour's at the ſtake, which to defeat
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,

Proud

Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good,
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Let looſe upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid: I find that ſhe which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the King; who ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon the contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,

Expecting

Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir.

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? my lord? my maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the count *Rouſillon?*

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee for two ordinaries to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee----

Laf. Do not plunge thy ſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy tryal; which is, Lord have mercy on thee for a hen;

ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well, thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer-----

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord: well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of----I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good lord, whom I ſerve above is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par.

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranat; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſawcy with lords and honourable perſonages, than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then. Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I've ſworn;
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what th' import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy wickſy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it. 'Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but huſh, 'tis ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Helena *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe is not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in earth, whence God ſend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in your ſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which

Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o' th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Par.

Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah. [*Exe.*

SCENE X.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true, I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour, and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes, I pray you make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I, Sir, he ſits a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to-night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride---- and ere I do begin----

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lyes three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard and thrice beaten---- God ſave you captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him, my lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have

ſpoken

ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

SCENE XI.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; and am therefore found
So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe than ask why I intreat you;
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews it ſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,

But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that
Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much---- nothing indeed-----
I would not tell you what I would, my lord----- 'faith yes----
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord:
Where are my other men? Monſieur, farewel. [*Exit.*

Ber. Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

FLORENCE.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

DUKE.

SO that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
My ſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſick.

Duke.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell,
To-morrow to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd all as I would have had it, ſave that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend his ruff, and ſing; ask queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel* ſince I was at court. Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th' court: the brain of my *Cupid's* knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. In that you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs reads a letter.

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn

to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon,

Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſpriſing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort, you ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your ſon was run away.

SCENE III.

Enter Helena *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither on the ſtart

Can

Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence*. We met him thitherward, from thence we came; And after ſome diſpatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam, here's my paſsport.

When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in ſuch a Then *I write a* Never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, and, for the contents ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer. If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine, Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: he was my ſon, But I do waſh his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and believe't The Duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France. 'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand happily which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count.

Count. Nothing in *France* until he have no wife?
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only ſhe, and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſometime known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, full of wickedneſs:
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.
Will you draw near? [*Ex. Count. and gentlemen.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France* until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, *Rouſſillon*, none in *France*,
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of

Of ſmoaky muſquets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim, move the ſtill-piercing air
That [d] ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it,
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouſſillon*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight
To conſolate thine ear. Come night, end day,
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

FLORENCE.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *drum and trumpets, ſoldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. THE general of our horſe thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber.

[d] *ſtings*

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extream edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs.
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put my ſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs and Steward.

Count. ALas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques' *pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war,
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctifie.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I his deſpightful Juno *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.

He

He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I my ſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon, madam,
If I had giv'n you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes
Purſuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heav'n delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little do he feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger;
When haply he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I've no skill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction; provide this meſſenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

FLORENCE.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other citizens.*

Wid. NAY come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay the *French* Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greateſt commander, and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come let's return again, and ſuffice our ſelves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been ſollicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them, and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to adviſe you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are,

are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena *diſguiſed like a pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo. Look here comes a pilgrim; I know ſhe will lye at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her: God ſave you pilgrim, whither are you bound?

Hel. To S. *Jaques le Grand.* Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis* here beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay marry is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hoſteſs
As ample as my ſelf.

Hel. Is it your ſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France?*

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a country-man of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rouſillon:* know you ſee ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France,*
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you it is ſo?

Hel. Ay ſurely, meer the truth, I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the Count
Reports but courſely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*
Hel. Oh I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Ah poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
Wid. Ah! right good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count ſollicites her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Wid. He does indeed,
And [e] brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and colours.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The Gods forbid elſe.
Wid. So now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That *Eſcalus.*

Hel.

[e] *brooks.*

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*

Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honeſt: yond's that ſame knave
That leads him to theſe places; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' th' battel.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you. [*Exeunt* Ber. Par. &c.

Mar. And your curteſie, for a ring-carrier.

Wid. The troop is paſt: come pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you ſhall hoſt: of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a †hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have whom I am ſure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays he has a ſtratagem for't; when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum*'s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE

† *hilding.* *degenerate.*

SCENE X.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæſar* himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening, and I will preſently pen down my

my dilemmas, encourage my ſelf in my certainty, put my ſelf into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant, and to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water. Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries, but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you think he will make no deed at all of this that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almoſt † imboſt him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old lord *Lafeu*; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him, which you ſhall ſee this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.*

† *imboſt. a deer is ſaid to be* imboſt *when he is near run down.*

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip. I'll leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The laſs I ſpoke of,

1 *Lord.* But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did reſend;
And this is all I've done: ſhe's a fair creature,
Will you go ſee her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Helena *and Widow.*

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes,
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt give me truſt, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his importunate blood will nought deny
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her ſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſever,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſick of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eeves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;

And

And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in Florence.

Enter one of the French *Lords, with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

LORD.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will, though you underſtand it not your ſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſie-woolſie haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'th' adverſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch hoa,

here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find my tongue is too fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give my ſelf ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the inſtance? tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my ſelf another of *Bajazet*'s mule, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par.

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the cittadel.

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemies, I would ſwear I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies. [*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ranſom, ranſom; do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Baskos thromaldo beskos.

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here *German* or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover that which ſhall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Baskos vauvado, I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue, *Kerelybonto*, Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Mancha ravancha dulche.

Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco.

Int. The general is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew;

Their

Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.

Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*

[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our ſelves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. THEY told me that your name was *Fontibell.*

Dia. No, my good lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia. No. My

My mother did but duty, ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You [a]barely leave our thorns to prick our ſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain ſingle vow that is vow'd true;
What is not holy that we ſwear not by.
But take the high'ſt to witneſs: then pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great attribute
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions but unſeal'd,
At leaſt in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thy ſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.
Dia. I ſee that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake our ſelves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power

To

[a] *baſely.*

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring,
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My houſe, my honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu 'till then, then fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end.
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men

Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me
When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him
When I am buried. Since *Frenchmen* are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;
Only in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature, for on the reading it he chang'd almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for ſhaking off ſo good a wife and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſt renown, and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſt compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are our ſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he that in this action

contrives againſt his own nobility in his proper ſtream, o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own judgment, wherein ſo [b] curiouſly he had ſet his counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouſillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France?*

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir, ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fled from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with a moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her death it ſelf (which could not be her office to ſay is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.*

[b] *ſeriouſly*

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

3 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is a of mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs: here's his lordſhip now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between theſe main parcels of diſ-

patch, effected many nicer needs; the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your lordſhip.

Ber. I mean the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heels have deſerv'd it in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordſhip already: the ſtocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk, he hath confeſt himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' ſtocks; and what think you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

SCENE V.

Enter Parolles *with his interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh.

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful general: our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this?

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet down, for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir, a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what ſtrength they are a-foot. What ſay you to that?

Par.

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many; *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick* and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thouſand pole, half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war; or whether he thinks it were not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you let me anſwer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this captain *Dumain*?

Par. I know him, he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the ſheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowſie.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of your lordſhip anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer

of

of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian; *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rouſillon*, a fooliſh idle boy, but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won is match well made, match and well make it:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.
And ſay a ſoldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to †*mell with, boys are not to kiſs.*
For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber.

† mell, *from* mêler, *to mingle.*

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguiſt and the armi-potent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the general's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any caſe; not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i'th' ſtocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Int. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore once more to this captain *Dumain*: you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloiſter: for rapes and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus.* He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than *Hercules.* He will lie, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty, he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war.

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *Engliſh* tragedians: to belie him I will not, and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not, except in that country, he had the honour to be the

the officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany ſo far that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat ſtill.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need no tto ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his brother, the other captain *Dumain?*

2 *Lord.* Why do's he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe, Count *Rouſillon.*

Int. I'll whiſper with the general and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums; only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken.

[*Aſide.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the general ſays, you that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends: [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, captain *Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouſillon?* if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, captain, all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Int. If you could find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt ſword, cool bluſhes, and *Parolles* live
Safeſt in ſhame; being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Widow's houſe at Florence.

Enter Helena, *Widow and* Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life, which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartars* boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marſeilles*, to which place
We have convenient convoy; you muſt know
I am ſuppoſed dead; the army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: doubt not but heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dowre,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.

But more of this hereafter. You *Diana*,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
All's well that ends well, ſtill that finds the crown;
What-e'er the [b] courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and Clown.*

Laf. NO, no, no, your ſon was miſ-led with a ſnipt taffata fellow there, whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your ſon here at home more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would I had not known him, it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo.

[b] *curſe.*

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thy ſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman?*

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *Engliſh* name, but his phiſnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of darkneſs, *alias* the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire, and the maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome that humble themſelves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be

for

for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſawcineſs; and indeed he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceiv'd againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How do's your ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't or no the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter Helena, *Widow, and* Diana, *with two attendants.*

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time.

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of *France.*

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.

Gent.

Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Tho' time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouſſillon*,
Whither I'm going.
Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find your ſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ROUSILLON.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. GOOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee ſtand away; a paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool, to give to a nobleman! look here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Clo. Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muſcat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordſhip.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of her ſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is *Parolles.*

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox my paſſion, give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf.

Laf. Was I, inſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee knave, doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two* French *Lords, with attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,

Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well----- call him hither,
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it. Let him approach
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.

King. What ſays he to your daughter?
Have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me
That ſet him high in fame.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way, ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,

Let's

Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom my ſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender, turns a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave,
Oft our diſpleaſures to our ſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our Friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen*'s knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage day:

Which

Which better than the firſt, O dear heav'n bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me O nature, ceaſe.

Laf. Come on my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't:
This ring was mine, and when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſited to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm ſure I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it;
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood engag'd, but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſt

In

In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. *Plutus* himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*'s,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to your ſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it.
King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſly, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman----'twill not prove ſo----
And yet I know not----thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead, which nothing but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.
Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in diſmal thinking.
Gent. Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*
Who hath for four or five removes come ſhort
To tender it her ſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with her ſelf.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſillon *a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lyes, otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him.
King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu,*
To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the life of *Helen* (lady)
Was fouly ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers.

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that!

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away my ſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you muſt marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than e'er to think that I would ſink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gameſter to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.
Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis his:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gemm
Conferr'd by teſtament to th' ſubſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thouſand proofs.
King. Methought you ſaid
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's *Parolles.*
Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o'th' world, tax'd and deboſh'd,
Which nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,

Am

Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think ſhe has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I muſt be patient:
You that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a husband,
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring, this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confeſs the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you:

Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, ſirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her, but how!

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he lov'd her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they

they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſie glove, my lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,
[*Ex. Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this lord, [*To* Bert.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena *and Widow.*

King. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good lord,
'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both, oh pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you.
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living? [*To the Counteſs.*
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum,* lend me a handkerchief, [*To* Parolles,
So,

So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife her ſelf, thy ſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the *KING*.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this ſuit be won,
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORſino, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young gentleman, brother to* Viola:
Antonio, *a ſea-captain, friend to* Sebaſtian.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
Curio, }
Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A ſea-captain, friend to Viola.
Fabian, *ſervant to* Olivia.
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical ſteward to* Olivia.
Clown, ſervant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *woman.*

Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF muſick be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that ſurfeiting
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again, it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet [a] ſouth
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. Huſh! no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,

[a] *ſound.*

That it alone is high fantaſtical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, *Curio?*

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element it ſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloyſtreſs ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chambers round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance ſtill.

Duke. O ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
Theſe ſov'raign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
Her ſweet perfections, with one ſelf-ſame King!
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The STREET.

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. WHAT country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria?*
My brother he is in *Elyſium.*
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! ſo perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. There's gold for ſaying ſo.
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orſino.

Vio.

Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia.*

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelve months ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd; for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I ſerv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is!

Cap. That were hard to compaſs,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,

That

That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. WHAT a plague means my neice to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a-nights; your neice, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine your ſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my ſelf no finer than I am; theſe clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; if they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday, and of a fooliſh Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer?

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o' th' viol-de-gambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my neice: I'll drink to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria.* He's a coward and a † coyſtril that will not drink to my neice 'till his brains turn o' th' toe like a pariſh top. What wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, Sir *Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My neice's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Accoſt*, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Mary Accoſt.*

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: accoſt is, front her, board her, wooe her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoſt? *Mar.*

† *A* coyſtrill, *a young lad.*

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. If thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. If you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to th' buttery bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my finger ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down: methinks ſometimes I have no more wit than a chriſtian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. If I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not cool my nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſewife take thee between her legs and ſpin it off.

Sir And. Faith I'll home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*, your neice will not be ſeen, or if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here hard by wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear. Tut, there's life in't man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' ſtrangeſt mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria* whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs *Mall*'s picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk ſhould be a jig! I would not ſo much as make water but in a ſink-a-pace: what doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd ſtocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper; ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The PALACE.

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. IF the Duke continue theſe favours towards you, *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario*, hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Ceſario*,
Thou know'ſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gate unto her,
Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do ſpeak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the paſſion of my love,

Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aſpect.

Vio. I think not ſo, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair: ſome four or five attend him,
All if you will; for I my ſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company. Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my beſt
To woo your lady; yet, O baneful ſtrife!
Who-e'er I woo, my ſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

OLIVIA's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. NAY, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſtle may enter in way of thy excuſe; my lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this world needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs *Mary?*

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskings fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s fleſh as any in *Illyria.*

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my lady; make your excuſe wiſely you were beſt. [*Ex.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Olivia *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling; thoſe wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays *Quinapalus*, better a witty fool than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, lady.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows, take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; beſides you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counſel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt, if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that tranſgreſſes is but patch'd with ſin, and ſin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this ſimple ſillogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: the lady bad take away the fool, therefore I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouſe of virtue anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his ſoul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n: take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no fox, but he will not paſs his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal.

Mal. I marvel your ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt I take theſe wiſe men that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli. O you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with [b] leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orſino* is it?

Mar. I know not, madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but madman: fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home. What you will to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a moſt weak *Pia mater*.

[b] *learning.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here. A plague o'theſe pickle herring: how now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery, I defie letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the ſecond mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o'my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick, he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep, he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli.

Oli. Tell him he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays he'll ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my vail: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty----I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp my ſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp your ſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve; but this is from my commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates, and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief; 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, ſweet lady: tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the curteſie of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as a maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Oli.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet lady.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lyes the text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good madam let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out divers ſchedules of my beauty. It ſhall be inventoried, and every particle and utenſil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and maſter loves you: O ſuch love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.
Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenſion and the ſhape of nature
A gracious perſon; yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anſwer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuff'ring, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe:
I would not underſtand it.
Oli. Why, what would you do?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia:* O you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.
Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more,
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for you pains; ſpend this for me.
Vio. I am no feed-poſt, lady; keep your purſe:

My

My maſter, not my ſelf, lacks recompence.
Love, make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love,
And let your fervour like my maſter's be,
Plac'd in contempt: farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman---- I'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon---- not too faſt---- ſoft, ſoft,
Unleſs the maſter were the man. How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be-----
What hoa, *Malvolio.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſon for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, ſhew thy force; our ſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed muſt be; and be this ſo. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

ANTONIO.

WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps diſtemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No ſooth, Sir, my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs my ſelf: you muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian*, which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my ſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that, for ſome hours before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable

eſtimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, Sir, with ſalt water, tho' I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once, my boſom is full of kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orſino*'s court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee.
I have made enemies in *Orſino*'s court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio *at ſeveral doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Counteſs *Olivia?*

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That ſure methought her eyes had loſt her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly:
She loves me ſure, the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
None of my lord's ring? why, he ſent her none.
I am the man---- If it be ſo as 'tis,
Poor lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In womens waxen hearts to ſet their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? my maſter loves her dearly,
And I poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this? as I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day,
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. APproach Sir *Andrew:* not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith ſo they ſay, but I think it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria* I ſay, a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome aſs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. Inſooth thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good i'faith: I ſent thee ſix pence for thy lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s noſe is no whip-ſtock. My lady has a white hand, and the Mirmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now a ſong.

Sir To. Come on, there is ſix pence for you. Let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a----

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

Sir To. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown ſings.

O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill unſure.
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiſs me ſweet and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance indeed; ſhall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo.

Clo. Byr lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good i'faith: come, begin. [*They ſing a catch.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling do you keep here? if my lady have not call'd up her ſteward, *Malvolio,* and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My lady's a *Catayan,* we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramſey,* and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, lady! there dwelt a man in* Babylon, *lady, lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O twelfth day of December. [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-houſe of my lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Strike up.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die,

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What and if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a ſteward? doſt thou think becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by ſaint *Anne*; and ginger ſhall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtoop of wine, *Maria*.

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of

of the Duke's was to-day with my lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye ſtraight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer, an affection'd aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſuaded of himſelf: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my lady your neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my neice, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, *Penthiſilea.*

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for mony, Knight; if thou haſt her not i'th'end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come Knight, come Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The PALACE.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. GIVE me ſome muſick; now good-morrow, friends:
Now good *Ceſario,* but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong we heard laſt night;
Methought it did relieve my paſſion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur.

Cur. *Feſte* the jeſter, my lord, a fool that the lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Ex.* Curio. [*Muſick.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are,
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the ſeat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let ſtill the woman take
An elder than her ſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe our ſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy ſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and Clown.*

Duke. O fellow come, the ſong we had laſt night.
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I pr'ythee ſing, [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,
Prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black Coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy Pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleaſure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very † opal. I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prize not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir?

Duke. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you muſt.
Say that ſome lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's ſides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas,

† opal. *a precious ſtone of almoſt all colours.*

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the pallat,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*

Vio. Ay but I know-----

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your lordſhip.

Duke. What's her hiſtory?

'*Vio.* A blank, my Lord: ſhe never told her love,
'But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
'Feed on her damask cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought,
'And with a green and yellow melancholy,
'She ſat like Patience on a monument,
'Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more, but indeed
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too---- and yet I know not----
Sir, ſhall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theam.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. COme thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio's* coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' ſun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour. Obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting, lye thou there; for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me ſhe did affect me; and I have heard her ſelf come thus near,

that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

Sir And. 'Slife, I could ſo beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio.*

Sir To. Ah rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the *Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel.*

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate----

Sir To. O for a ſtone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs---- to ask for my uncle *Toby*----

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. Oh peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtſies there to me.

Sir To.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having caſt me on your neice, give me this prerogative of ſpeech-----

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides you waſte the treaſure of your time, with a fooliſh Knight-----

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here? [*Taking up a letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life this is my lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes; her very phraſes: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man muſt know.* No man muſt know---what follows? the number's

ber's alter'd---- no man muſt know---- if this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but ſilence like a* Lucrece *knife,*

With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life---- nay, but firſt let me ſee---- let me ſee-----

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this----- and the end---- what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? ſoftly------ *M. O. A. I.*-----

Sir To. O, ay! make up that, he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.---- *Malvolio*---- *M.*---- why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.---- this ſimulation is not as the former-----

and

and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters is in my name. Soft, here follows proſe---- *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thy ſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter ſervices with thee.* The fortunate and happy day-light and champian diſcovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do now fool my ſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my ſtars be praiſed. Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling, thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee. Jove*, I thank thee; I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab.

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou moſt excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

††† Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and Clown.*

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy muſick: doſt thou live by the tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir, I do live by the church: for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: to ſee this age! a ſentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward.

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my ſiſter had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton; but indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loath to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, Sir, I do care for ſomething; but, in my conſcience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady *Olivia*'s fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir, the lady *Olivia* has no folly, ſhe will keep no fool, Sir, 'till ſhe be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Duke *Orſino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the ſun, it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, Sir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Creſſida* was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir. I will conſter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would is out of my welkin, I might ſay element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,

And

And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art:
For folly that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe mens folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous guarde Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi, voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the houſe, my neice is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your neice, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you.

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchſafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.

SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Oli. For him I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſollicit that
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady.

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did hear,
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelf, my ſervant, and I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,

To

To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cypreſs, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a † grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud?
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf; [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lyes your way, due weſt.

Vio. Then weſtward hoe:
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your ladyſhip.
You'll nothing, Madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'ſt of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it were better, Madam, than I am,
I wiſh it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt ſhews not it ſelf more ſoon
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reaſon can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good; but given unſought is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. NO faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your neice do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury-men ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an iſicle on a *Dutchman*'s beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour, challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my neice ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thy ſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with women than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licenſe of ink; if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lye in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, ſet 'em down, and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

SCENE V.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite the youth bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngeſt wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh your ſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no chriſtian that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſsneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'th' church: I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know

know my lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The STREET.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I Would not by my will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
More ſharp than filed ſteel, did ſpur me forth,
And not all love to ſee you, tho' ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.
But jealouſie what might befall your travel,
Being skilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other anſwer make but thanks,
And thanks: and ever oft-good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth as is my conſcience firm,
You ſhould find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the relicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; beſt firſt go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night,
I pray you let us ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame

That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Duke his gallies
I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for traffick's ſake
Moſt of our city did. Only my ſelf ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purſe.
In the ſouth ſuburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town, there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant.*

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I Have ſent after him; he ſays he'll come.
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud;
Where is *Malvolio*? he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio*?

Mar. He's coming, Madam: but in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come, for ſure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad lady, I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gartering, but what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think we do know that ſweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee; why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your requeſt?

Yes, nightingales anſwer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſs; 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are born great-----

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatneſs-----

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them----

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings----

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd-----

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo----

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Ol. Why this is very midſummer madneſs.

Enter ſervant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby*? let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him, I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe; be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate, put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity; and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful; and when ſhe went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple; no obſtacle; no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance----what can be ſaid? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal.

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we muſt deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what man, defie the devil; conſider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you! if you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O Lord.

Sir To. Pr'ythee hold thy peace, that is not the way: do you not ſee you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why how now my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir.

Sir To. Ay biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with ſatan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang your ſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things, I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*

Sir To.

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why we ſhall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My neice is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but ſee, but ſee.

SCENE X.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'ſt to the lady Olivia, *and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me----

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy ſide of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our ſouls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thy ſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof it ſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his imployment between his lord and my neice confirms no leſs; therefore this letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your neice; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't.
There's ſomething in me that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And I beſeech you come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what

nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end; diſmount thy tuck, be † yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir, I am ſure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, skill, and wrath can furniſh a man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration, but he is a devil in private brawl; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: hob, nod, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: his indignation drives it ſelf out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him; therefore on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as ſtrange. I beſeech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab.

† *yare. nimble.*

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the moſt skilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified.
Fabian can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey *Capilet.*

Sir. To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't, this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel, I have perſuaded him the youth's a devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

[*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you 'tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe.

[*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man, do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke *Orſino*.

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to ask you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls my ſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that mony.

Vio. What mony, Sir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my having is not much,
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes

That

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heav'ns themſelves!

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatcht one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good feature ſhame.
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him:
Come come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs, even ſuch, and ſo

In

In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: oh if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask *Fabian.*

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. If I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any mony 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Sebastian *and Clown.*

CLOWN.

WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow, Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out i' faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing that is so is so.

Seb.

Seb. I pr'ythee vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe, thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now ungird thy ſtrangeneſs and tell me what I ſhall vent to my lady; ſhall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee fooliſh *Greek* depart from me, there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand; theſe wiſe men that give fools mony get themſelves a good report after fourteen years purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my lady ſtrait: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding* Sebaſtian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come my young ſoldier, put up your iron; you are well fleſh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now? if thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

Sir To. What, what? nay then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*They draw and fight.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee, hold.
Sir To. Madam.
Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario.*
Rudesby, be gone. I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny; beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.
Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream.
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.
Oli. Nay come I pray: would thou'dſt be rul'd by me.
Seb. Madam, I will.
Oli. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

OLIVIA's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. NAY, I pr'ythee put on this gown and this beard, make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilſt.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelf in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent; but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly as to ſay, a careful man and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; for as the old hermit of *Prague,* that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a neice of King *Gorboduck,* that that is, is: ſo I being Mr. Parſon, am Mr. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas.*

Clo. What hoa, I ſay, peace in this priſon.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[Malvolio *within.*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to viſit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas,* Sir *Topas,* good Sir *Topas* go to my lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolical fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter parſon.

Mal.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd, good Sir *Topas* do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fie, thou diſhoneſt ſathan; I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones that will uſe the devil himſelf with curteſie: ſay'ſt thou that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay windows tranſparent as baricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the South North are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt; I ſay there is no darkneſs but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the houſe of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*.

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir *Topas*!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown, he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo far in offence with my neice, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Clo. Hey Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my lady does.* [Singing.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Fool, I ſay.

Clo. She loves another---- who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have propertied me; they keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the miniſter is here. *Mal-*

volio, Malvolio, thy wits the heav'ns reſtore: endeavour thy ſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas.*

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who I, Sir, not I, Sir. God b'w' you, good Sir *Topas.* Marry, amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria.*

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper and light; and convey what I ſet down to my lady: It ſhall advantage thee more, than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man 'till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice,
Your need to ſuſtain.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries ah ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad, pair thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious ſun,
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice;
For tho' my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſuades me
To any other truſt, but that I'm mad,
Or elſe the lady's mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing
As I perceive ſhe does: there's ſomething in't
That is deceivable. But here ſhe comes.

Enter Olivia *and Prieſt.*

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul

May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee this letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelf, and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the bells of St. *Bennet,* Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more mony out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did reſcue me.
Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the ſmoak of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loſs
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?
1 *Offi.* *Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindneſs, Sir; drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.
Duke. Notable pirate, thou ſalt-water thief,
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms ſo bloody and ſo dear
Haſt made thine enemies?
Ant. Orſino: noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful boy there by your ſide

From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or reſtraint;
All this in dedication. For his ſake
Did I expoſe my ſelf (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

SCENE III.

Enter Olivia *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the counteſs; now heav'n walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you don't keep promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam.

Duke. Gracious *Olivia.*

Oli.

Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario?* Good my lord----
Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.
Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.
Duke. Still ſo cruel?
Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings has breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?
Oli. Ev'n what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become him.
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't,
Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? a ſavage jealouſie,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly; but hear this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove.
Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario?*
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life,
More by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.

If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away.
Oli. Whither, my lord? *Ceſario*, husband, ſtay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou doſt know
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.
Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke.

Duke. O thou diſſembling cub; what wilt thou be
When time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt-----

Oli. O do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haſt too much fear!

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God your help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one *Ceſario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Ceſario?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me without cauſe,
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir

Sir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; ſot, didſt ſee *Dick* ſurgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, [a] and a paſt-meaſure *Painim.* I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull? [*Exe. Clo.* To. & And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

SCENE V.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry, madam, I have hurt your uncle:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard on me, by which
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons,
A nat'ral perſpective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb.

[a] After a paſſy meaſures pavin.

Seb. Fear'd you that, *Antonio!*
Ant. How have you made diviſion of your ſelf?
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*
Oli. Moſt wonderful!
Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be a deity in my nature
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of *Meſſaline*; *Sebaſtian* was my father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his wat'ry tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt go even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, thrice welcome drowned *Viola.*
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.
Seb. O that record is lively in my ſoul,
He finiſhed indeed his mortal act
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That

That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maiden weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd to ſerve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been miſtook: [*To* Oli.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times [*To* Vio.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maids garments: he upon ſome action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman, he's much diſtract.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A moſt[b] extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtaves end as well as a man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day morning. But as a mad-man's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man-----*By the lord, madam.* [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madneſs: an your ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I benefit of my ſenſes as well as your ladyſhip. I have your own letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do my ſelf much right, or you much ſhame: think of me as you pleaſe: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.*

The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This ſavours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither.
My lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,

[b] *exacting.*

To think me as well a ſiſter, as a wife,
One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you;
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer.
Your maſter quits you; and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your ſex, [*To* Viola.
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding.
And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter, you are ſhe.

SCENE VII.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad man?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this ſame: how now *Malvolio?*

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio?* no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruſe that letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe,
Or ſay 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people?
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck or gull

That e'er invention plaid on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee be content,
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plantiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good madam, hear me ſpeak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs my ſelf and *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thrown upon them. I was one, Sir, in this interlude, one Sir *Topas*, Sir, but that's all one: by the lord, fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not he's gagg'd: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls. Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Cæſario* come,
(For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown ſings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt knaves and thieves men ſhut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came at laſt to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [Exit.

THE

THE WINTER'S TALE

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillus, *Young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomines, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Mopſa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdeſſes.*

Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and Attendants.

SCENE, *partly in* Sicilia, *and partly in* Bohemia.

The plot taken from the old ſtory-book of Doraſtus *and* Faunia.

THE

THE

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter Camillo, *and* Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

F you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us: we will be juſtified in our loves; for indeed-----

Cam. 'Beſeech you-----

Arch. Verily I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence---- in ſo rare---- I know not what to ſay---- we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent

(unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety; their incounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies, that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt ſea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillus:* it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child, one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they that went on crutches ere he was born deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillus, Polixenes, *and* Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry ſtar hath been

The

The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burthen, time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one *we thank you*, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm queſtion'd by my fears of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly: beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One ſev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are ſure
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this ſatisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong;
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence, I'll adventure [*To* Polixenes.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,
To let him there a month, behind the geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, *Leontes*;
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t'unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going: verily
You ſhall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt? ſo you ſhall pay your fees
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, Madam:

To

To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſie to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your goaler then,
But your kind hoſteſs; come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *not guilty*; th' impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript ſince.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's; for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on,
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer,

If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll ſtay, my lord.

Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace*.
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thy ſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis grace indeed.
Why lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other, for ſome while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot----- [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me---- my heart dances,
But not for joy---- not joy---- this entertainment
May a free face put on; derives a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And well becomes the Agent? 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles
As in a looking-glaſs---- and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows---- *Mamillus*,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I' fecks!
Why that's my bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy noſe?
They ſay it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm---- how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,
To be full like me. Yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welking eye, ſweet villain.
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop---- can thy dam? may't be----
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' center.

Thou

Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams---how can this be
With what's unreal? thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And that beyond commiſſion, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia*?

Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.

Pol. How? my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is it with you, my beſt brother?

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much diſtraction.
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make it ſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty three years, and ſaw my ſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter, and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for mony?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why happy man be's dole. My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

'*Pol.* If at home, Sir,
'He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
'Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;

'My

'My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtates-man, all;
'He makes a *July*'s day ſhort as *December*,
'And with his varying childiſhneſs, cures in me
'Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.
Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy ſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i' th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not how I give line,
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exe.* Polix. Her. *and attendants. Manent* Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing husband. Gone already!
Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.
Go play, boy, play---- thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knel. Go play, boy, play---- there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and thoſe gates open'd,

As

As mine, againſt their will. Should all deſpair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
From eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of's
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not. How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they ſay.

Leo. Why that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillus*----thou'rt an honeſt man. [*Ex.* Mamil.

SCENE III.

Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?

For

For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes
Perchance are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfie your highneſs, and th' entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th' entreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfie?----
Let that ſuffice. I've truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things neareſt my heart, as well
My chamber-councels, wherein, prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord.

Leo. To bide upon't; thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd; or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game plaid home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs, my lord.
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But beſeech your grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you ſeen, *Camillo?*
(But that's paſt doubt; you have, or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard?
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not think)
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs,
Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then ſay
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this, which to reiterate, were ſin

As

As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty: horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours minutes? the noon midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay thou lieſt, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, *Bohemia*; who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bear eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,

Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
But with a lingring dram, that ſhould not work,
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſoveraignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy queſtion, and go rot:
Do'ſt think I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint my ſelf in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps:
Give ſcandal to the blood o'th' prince, my ſon,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided that when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,

Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.
Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miſerable lady! but for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter, one,
Who in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany it ſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now.
Here comes *Bohemia*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?

Good

Good day, *Camillo*.

Cam. Hail, moſt royal Sir.

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelf, what you do know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
My ſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſilisk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle: I beſeech you,

If

If you know ought which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine, that thou declare
What Incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counſel,
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both your ſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my beſt blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his that did betray the beſt:
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril

Where

Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular ſtar in heav'n, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake
The fabrick of his folly, whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I'm ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs,
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For my ſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth:
Thereon his execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealouſie

Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his theam; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion. Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your highneſs
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, *and Ladies.*

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt, ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince
One of theſe days, and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk, good time encounter her.

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt,
To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man-----

Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly:
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt! there may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the poſterns
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy, I'm glad you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? ſport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelf
With that ſhe's big with: 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay he had not;
And I'll be ſworn you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt: honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech, and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha, theſe petty-brands
That calumny doth uſe: oh I am out,
That mercy do's, for calumny will ſear
Virtue it ſelf. Theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes.* O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have ſaid
She's an adultreſs, I have ſaid with whom:
More; ſhe's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal; that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgar give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew
Perchance ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her.

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beſeech your highneſs
My women may be with me, for you ſee
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now
I truſt I ſhall. My women come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

Lord. 'Beſeech your highneſs call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Your ſelf, your Queen, your ſon.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t' accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' eyes of heav'n, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuſe her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Then when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord.

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for our ſelves:
You are abuſed by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;

The

The ſecond, and the third, nine; and ſons five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib my ſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe, no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty,
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have your honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you for this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth like us: inform your ſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't
Is properly all ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s flight
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation
But only ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt pitious to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop or ſpur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know; yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confin'd,
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it.
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A PRISON.

Enter Paulina *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. THE keeper of the priſon, call to him: [*Exit Gent.*
Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not? [*Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.*

Goa. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, madam,
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors! Is't lawful pray you
To ſee her women? any of them? *Emilia?*

Goa. So pleaſe you, madam,
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray you now call her:
Withdraw your ſelves.

Goa. And, madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.

Pau. Well; be it ſo pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's ſuch a-do to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath born greater,
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't. Says, my poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be ſworn:
Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes i'th' King! beſhrew them,
He muſt be told of it, and ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you *Emilia*,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th' child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd of this deſign,
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Pau.

Pau. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it:
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you come ſomething nearer.
Goa. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur to paſs it,
Having no warrant.
Pau. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.
Goa. I do believe it.
Pau. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The PALACE.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. NOR night, nor day, no reſt; it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; meer weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being; part o'th' cauſe,
She, the adultreſs; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Atten. He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
See how he fares. Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
† And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me, make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina *with a child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.

Pau. Nay rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.

Pau. Not ſo hot, good Sir,

† *This line added from the old edition.*

I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honeſt as either, to purge him of that humour
That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leo. What noiſe there, ho?

Pau. No noiſe, my lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me.
I knew ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leo. What? canſt not rule her?

Pau. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Pau. Good my liege, I come-----
And I beſeech you hear me, who profeſs
My ſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo.

Leo. Good Queen?
Pau. Good Queen, my lord,
Good Queen, I ſay good Queen;
And would by combat make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord I'll off,
But firſt, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing. [*laying down the child.*
Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her out o' door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Pau. Not ſo,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In ſo intit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard. [*To* Ant.
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay, give't to thy croan.
Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't.
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Pau. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A neſt of traytors!

Ant.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himſelf. For he,
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or ſtone was ſound.

Leo. A [a]callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me. This brat is none of mine,
It is the iſſue of *Polixenes.*
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Pau. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles,
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't, leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A groſs hag!
And, [b]lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That

[a] *callat. a ſcold.* [b] *lozel. a lazy lubber.*

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your ſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Pau. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Pau. I care not;
It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea ſcandalous to all the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Pau. I pray you do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit. What need theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traytor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,

And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard-brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
The lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're liars all.

Lords. 'Beſeech your highneſs give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel----

Leo. I am a [a] feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither. You Sir, come you hither; [*To* Ant.
You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,

[a] *father*

To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thy ſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without much mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this; tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe,
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes. Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing condemn'd to loſs. [*Exit with the child.*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your highneſs, poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th' oracle, are come

An

An hour ſince. *Cleomines* and *Dion*
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' court.
Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.
Leo. Twenty three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed foretels
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords,
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open tryal. While ſhe lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the iſle, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
Methinks I ſo ſhould term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice;
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly

It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafning voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, ſo ſurpris'd my ſenſe
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen (O be't ſo)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy;
The time is worth the uſe on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' beſt! theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the buſineſs, when the oracle,
Thus by *Apollo*'s great divine ſeal'd up,
Shall the contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go; freſh horſes.
And gracious be the iſſue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SICILY.

Enter Leontes, *Lords*, *Officers*, Hermione *as to her tryal*, *with* Paulina *and ladies.*

Leo. THIS ſeſſions, to our great grief, we pronounce,
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.

Produce

Produce the priſoner.

Offi. It is his highneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in court. Silence!

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſoveraign lord the King, thy royal huſband; the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation, and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my ſelf, it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted falſhood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſations bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſt, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, tho' devis'd
And play'd to take ſpectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne: a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it

As

As I weigh grief which I would ſpare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrant I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry fie upon my grave.

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gain-ſay what they did
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That's true enough,
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than miſtreſs of
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as your ſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friends; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd

For

For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your court, the gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.
Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not;
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your actions are my dreams.
You had a baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: as you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelf,
No father owning it, (which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice, in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity,
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily, is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; my ſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; with immodeſt hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd which 'longs

To women of all faſhion: laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limbs. And now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no life,
I prize it not a ſtraw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free: if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Ruſſia* was my father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Officer. You here ſhall ſwear upon the ſword of juſtice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s prieſt; and that ſince then
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leo.

Leo. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offi. Hermione *is chaſte*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true ſubject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall live without an heir, if that which is loſt be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo.*

Her. Praiſed.

Leo. Haſt thou read the truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' oracle;
The ſeſſions ſhall proceed; this is meer falſhood.

Enter ſervant.

Ser. My lord the King, the King.

Leo. What is the buſineſs?

Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The prince your ſon, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's ſpeed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice. How now there? [Her. *faints.*

Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down
And ſee what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and ladies with* Hermione.

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon

My great prophaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle.
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*;
(Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy)
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour) to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour: how he gliſters
Through my dark ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while:
O cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling? burning
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy tyranny
Together working with thy Jealouſies,

Fancies

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; ſtark mad; for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
That did but ſhew thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a King: poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer; but the laſt: O lords,
When I have ſaid, cry woe, the Queen, the Queen,
The ſweeteſt deareſt creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid.

Pau. I ſay ſhe's dead: I'll ſwear't. If word, nor oath
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture or luſtre in her lip, her eye
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
'Doſt not repent theſe things, for they are heavier
'Than all thy woes can ſtir? therefore betake thee
'To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
'Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
'Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter

'In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods
'To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much, I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Pau. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone and what's paſt help
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman
The love I bore your Queen----lo, fool again----
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon,
One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The chappel where they lye, and tears ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature

Will

Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bohemia. *A deſart Country; the Sea at a little diſtance.*

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. THou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſarts of *Bohemia?*
Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.
Ant. Their ſacred wills be done; get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow inſtantly.
Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'th' buſineſs. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits o'th' dead
May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,

Sometimes

Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another.
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*
I pr'ythee call't. For this ungentle buſineſs
Put on thee, by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife *Paulina* more. And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well,

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lye, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,

But

But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel.
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!
Well may I get aboard: this is the chace,
I am gone for ever. [*Exit purſued by a bear.*

SCENE VII.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting---hark you now---would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? they have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep, which I fear the wolf will ſooner find than the maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, and't be thy will, what have we here? [*Taking up the child*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! a boy or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one, ſure ſome 'ſcape: tho' I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; but I am

am not to ſay it is a ſea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore; but that's not to the point; oh the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then the land-ſervice, to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked ſince I ſaw theſe ſights, the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ſhip-ſide, to have help'd her, there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thy ſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; ſo, let's ſee: it was told me I ſhould be rich by the fairies. This is ſome changling; open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy,

boy, and to be ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecreſie. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you ſhall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Time. *The Chorus.*

TIME.

I That pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'er-whelm cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale

Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs, and give my ſcene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o' th' King's, whom *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her enſues
I liſt not propheſie. But let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſidered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy, and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee ſpeak no more, whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and children are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to

the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*, we muſt diſguiſe our ſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Country.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

When daffadils begin to peere
With heigh the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o' th' year:
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the ſweet birds, O how they ſing:
Doth ſet my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a King.

The lark with tirra lyra chaunts,
With hey, with hey the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.

If

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linnen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being, as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this capariſon, and my revenue is the ſilly cheat. Gallows and knock, are too powerful on the high-way, beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee, every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd ſhilling; fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the wooll to?

Ant. If the ſprindge hold, the cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt? three pound of ſugar, five pound of currants, rice---- what will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſegays for the ſhearers; three-man ſong-men all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them means and baſes; but one puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden-pies, mace---- dates---- none---- that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o' th' ſun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born. [*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' th' name of me-----

Aut.

Aut. Oh help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags, and then death, death-----

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathſomneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir: no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good

good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſt a motion of the prodigal ſon, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lyes; and having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue; ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into his apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewel, I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir. Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unrol'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.

SONG.

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Does give a life: no ſhepherdeſs but *Flora*,
Peering in *April*'s front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn I think,
To ſhew my ſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe;
To me the difference forges dread, your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh the fates,

How

How would he look to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vildly bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte; ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' pow'r o' th' King.
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts I pr'ythee darken not
The mirth o' th' feaſt; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' deſtiny ſay no. Be merry, gentle,
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which

We two have ſworn ſhall come.
Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious.

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. See, your gueſts approach;
Addreſs your ſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the things ſhe took to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you bid
Theſe unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent your ſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'th' feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.
Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, *Dorcas.* Reverend Sirs,
For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:

Grace

Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing.
Pol. Shepherdeſs,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Nor yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o' th' ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call nature's baſtards; of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which in their pideneſs ſhares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be,
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; ſo over that art,
Which you ſay adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock,
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art it ſelf is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them baſtards.
Per. I'll not put
The † dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than were I painted, I would wiſh

† *an inſtrument of gardening.*

This youth ſhould ſay 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes, weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas;
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now my faireſt friends,
I would I had ſome flowers o' th' ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From *Dis*'s waggon! daffadils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength, a malady
Moſt incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O theſe I lack
To make you garlands of, and my ſweet friend
To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarſe; or if, not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers,

Methinks

Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſon paſtorals: ſure this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.
Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd,
With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; ſo turtles pair
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.
Pol. This is the pettieſt low-born laſs that ever
Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than her ſelf,
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her ſomething
That makes her blood look on't: good ſooth ſhe is

The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. *Mopſa* muſt be your miſtreſs; marry garlick to mend her kiſſing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we ſtand upon our manners, come ſtrike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing, tho' I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he ſings ſeveral tunes faſter than you'll tell

tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grow to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he ſhall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man or woman of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids, ſo without bawdry, (which is ſtrange) with ſuch delicate burthens of dildos and fapings: jump her and thump her: and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the groſs: inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns; why he ſings 'em over, as they were gods or goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damask roſes,
Masks for faces, and for noſes;

Bugle-

Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy lads, or elſe your laſſes cry: come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they ſhould bear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our gueſts? 'tis well they are whiſpring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my mony?

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop.

Mop. Pray now buy ſome, I love a ballad in print, or a life, for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony bags at a burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer.

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't; one miſtreſs *Tale-porter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month a-go.

Aut.

Aut. I can bear my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th' grange, or mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be,*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by our ſelves: my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedlar, let's have the firſt choice; follow me girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you by any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my deer-a?
Any ſilk, any thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt ware-a:

Come

Come to the pedler, mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

[*Ex. Clown,* Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Maſter, there are three carters, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds that have made themſelves all men of hair, they call themſelves ſaltiers, and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for ſome that know little but bowling, it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: 'pray let's ſee theſe four-threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and half by th' ſquare.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them,
He's ſimple, and tells much. How now, fair ſhepherd,
Your heart is full of ſomething that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were ſtraited
For a reply at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are;
The gifts ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient Sir, who it ſhould ſeem
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth, or the fann'd ſnow
That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand was fair before! I've put you out;
But to your proteſtation: let me hear
What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her imploy them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and altring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing
But what he did, being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;

He

He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeed
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: reaſon my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife, but as good reaſon
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He ſhall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee let him.
Flo. No; he muſt not.
Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice,
Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir, [*diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traytor,
I'm ſorry that by hanging thee, I can
But ſhorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou coap'ſt with----
Shep. Oh my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh

That

That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone? [*To* Flo.
I told you what would come of this. 'Beſeech you
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now, father?
Speak ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [*To* Flor.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,

To

To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. Oh curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was I am;
More ſtraining on for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, which I do gueſs
You do not purpoſe to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo.*
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'th' earth together,

And

And mar the ſeeds within. Lift up thy looks!
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy, if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as in faith I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let my ſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And moſt opportune to her need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*.
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Reſolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i' th' love
That I have born your father.

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick
To ſpeak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heav'ns forefend) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented father I'll ſtrive to qualifie
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?

That

That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after that truſt to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Our ſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,
And there preſent your ſelf, and your fair princeſs
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She ſhall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs: th'one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down
The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay, that he ſhall not perceive,

But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.
Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of your ſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loath to be: beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of theſe is true:
I think affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.
Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.
Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this.
I'll bluſh you thanks.
Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*----
But oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our houſe; how ſhall we do?

We

We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*-----
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lye there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ſcene you play were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.
[*They talk aſide.*

SCENE X.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhooe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my pack from faſtning: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words, which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs, 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

Cam.

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there, ſo ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes*——

Cam. Shall ſatisfie your father.

Per. Happy be you:
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill: here's no body will ſteal that from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think there's a neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee diſpatch: the gentleman is half flead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? I ſmell the trick on't.

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate miſtreſs, (let my prophecy
Come home to ye,) you muſt retire your ſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Diſmantle you, and as you can, diſliken

The

The truth of your own ſeeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee the play ſo lyes
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy-----
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King [*Aſide.*
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us,
Thus we ſet on, *Camillo*, to th' ſea ſide. [*Ex.* Flo. & Per.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th' other ſenſes, I ſee this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? ſure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himſelf is about a piece of

of iniquity, ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide, here's more matter for a hot brain; every lanes end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee; what a man you are now: there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a changling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King, and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her, thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her; this being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely, puppies. [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance:

chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. How now, ruſtiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, and it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie, but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel, therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your ſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, and like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the court in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the meaſure of the court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either puſh on, or puſh back thy buſineſs there, whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomly.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there; what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch ſecrets in this farthel and box, which none muſt know but the King, and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace, he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germain to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman; which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! ſome ſay he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: draw our throne into a ſheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir; do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and

in

in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly-raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf; and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ſton'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know 'tis none of your daughter nor my ſiſter, we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd, and remain, as he ſays, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſea-ſide,

go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: gold, and a means to do the prince my maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious, for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs. At the laſt
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive your ſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget

My

My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did my ſelf; which was ſo much
That heir-leſs it hath made my kingdom, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Pau. Too true, my lord,
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe you kill'd
Wou'd be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Pau. You are one of thoſe
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſoveraign name; conſider little,
What dangers (by his highneſs' fail of iſſue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,

(Reſpecting

(Reſpecting her that's gone;) beſides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* ſaid,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an heir,
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills. Care not for iſſue,
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor,
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*
I know in honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel; then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips!

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe
And better us'd would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps, and on this ſtage,
(Where we offenders now appear) ſoul-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Pau. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murther her I married.

Pau.

Pau. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina.*
Pau. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, *Paulina*, ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit.
Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Pau. Unleſs another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam, pray have done.
Pau. Yet if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms,
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bid'ſt us.
Pau. That
Shall be, when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never 'till then.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives himſelf out prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princeſs (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Ser. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leo. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?
Ser. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.
Pau. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent time doth boaſt it ſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you your ſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; ſhe had not been,
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once, 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you've ſeen a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelites

Of

Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Pau. How? not women?

Ser. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Your ſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.

Pau. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not a full month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
And your fair princeſs: Goddeſs, oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I loſt

(All mine own folly) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, as friend
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves,
He bad me ſay ſo, more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them living.

Leo. Oh my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful uſage
(At leaſt ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs
Th' adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Lybia*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,

For

For viſiting your highneſs; my beſt train
I have from your *Sicilian* ſhores diſmiſs'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not only my ſucceſs in *Lybia*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here; you have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſue-leſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

SCENE IV.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his ſon, who has
His dignity and duty both caſt off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*! ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage: to your court

Whilſt he was haſtning, in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whoſe honour and whoſe honeſty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge;
He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I ſpake with him, who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poor father,
The heav'n which ſets ſpies on us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.

Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,

That

That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made. But your petition
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. BEſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, me-thought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd as if they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more: the news, *Rogero*.

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s ſteward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news which is call'd true is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character; the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding; and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old ſhepherd, who ſtands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much, to juſtifie him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But oh the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water, though not the fiſh, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter, 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas*, I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano*, who, had he himſelf eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape. He ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoycing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had not I the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather

continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

SCENE VI.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: ſee you theſe cloaths? ſay you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were beſt ſay theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princeſs my ſiſter call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince, my maſter.

Shep. 'Pry'thee ſon do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia.*

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it, and I would thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes our kindred are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come follow us: we'll be thy good maſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, ſovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices

You

You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content,
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.

Pau. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs I do well believe
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death; behold, and ſay 'tis well.

[Paulina *draws a curtain, and diſcovers* Hermione *ſtanding like a ſtatue.*

I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder; but yet ſpeak, firſt you, my liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?

Leo. Her natural poſture!
Chide me, dear ſtone, that I may ſay indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Pau. So much the more our carver's excellence,

Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands, when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; do's not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? oh royal piece;
There's magick in thy majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee,

Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing. Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.

Pau. O, patience;
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd it ſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Pau. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the ſtone is mine,

I'd

I'd not have ſhew'd you it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Pau. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that methinks already----
What was he that did make it? ſee, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Pau. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. O ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.

Pau. I'm ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.

Pau. Good my lord forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting; ſhall I draw the curtain?

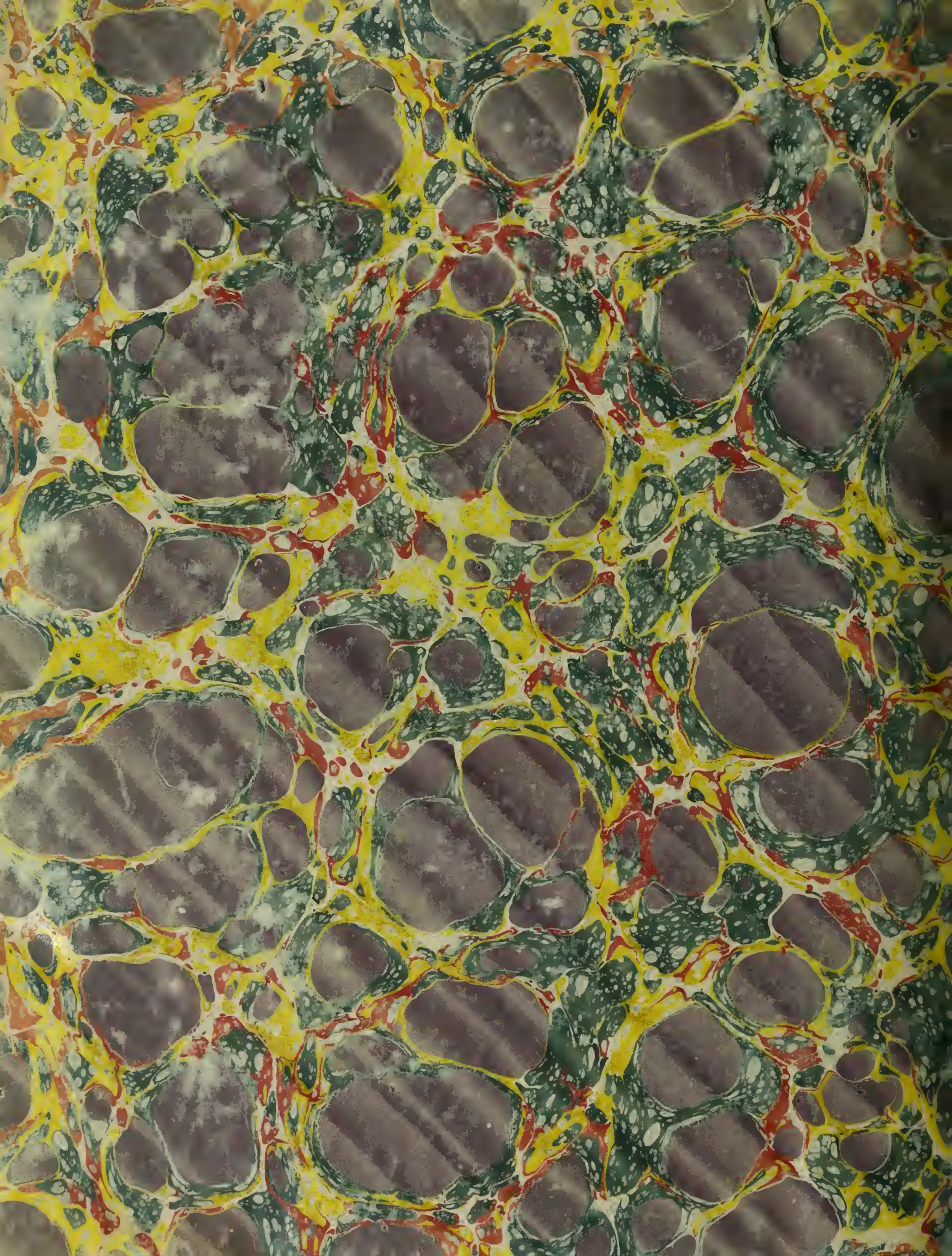
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by a looker on.
Pau. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chappel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Pau. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith, then all ſtand ſtill.
And thoſe that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.
Pau. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike, [*Muſick.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir, nay come away:
Bequeath to death your numbneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive ſhe ſtirs,
[Hermione *comes down.*
Start not, her actions ſhall be holy, as
You hear my ſpell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay preſent your hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.
Leo. Oh ſhe's warm, [*Embracing her.*

If

If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck,
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.
Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?
Pau. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing; turn good lady,
Our *Perdita* is found. [*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.
Her. You Gods look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
My ſelf, to ſee the iſſue.
Pau. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace, *Paulina*:
Thou ſhould'ſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,

And

And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion: this your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King, whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.